The ANTIOCH REVIEW

JAN 6 1953

PERIODICAL READING ROOM

Desk

The Crisis in British Socialism
—John P. Roche

Changes in Leisure Attitudes
—David Riesman

Patriotism for Partisans
—Norton E. Long

Anti-Americanism in France
—Arnold M. Rose

The Walls of Jericho . *A Story* by **ABRAHAM ROTHBERG**

Good Hope . . . . . *A Story* by **WINIFRED WILLIAMS**

Poetry by **SEYMOUR GRESSER, MILTON SPEISER, PHILIP MURRAY, F. EMERSON ANDREWS, DAVID IGNATOW, SAMUEL YELLEN**

A National Quarterly — Published in Yellow Springs, Ohio

Book Reviews by **Willard N. Marsh, Louis Filler, Ridgely Cummings, Edward Katzenbach, Jr.**

75c

OXFORD BOOKS

The Responsibilities of the Critic

Essays and Reviews by F. O. MATTHIESSEN

Edited by JOHN RACKLIFFE. In this posthumous collection, one of America's finest critics appraises the work of contemporary authors and poets, and discusses such subjects as critics and criticism and his own personal goals. "There is hardly a page that does not hold some reward for the student of literature."—*N.Y. Herald Tribune Book Review.* **$5.00**

English Poetry

Main Currents from Chaucer to the Present

By DOUGLAS BUSH. A compact and unified review of English poetry and its heritage. Professor Bush compares the poetry of widely different periods, and shows how new forms of expression become more intelligible if they are seen as part of a continuous poetic development. **$2.50**

In an Age of Revolution

By CYRIL GARBETT, Archbishop of York. An inspiring interpretation of the relation of Christianity to the present world crisis. "A challenging portrayal of the inadequate solutions in which the modern world is trusting. . . . In particular his analysis of communism is superb."—*N.Y. Times Book Review.* **$4.50**

SELECTIONS FROM THE NOTEBOOKS OF Leonardo Da Vinci

Edited with commentary by IRMA A. RICHTER These selections are taken chiefly from the famous limited edition of *The Literary Works of Leonardo da Vinci* by Jean Paul Richter. They present a well-balanced cross section of Leonardo's writings, accompanied by 72 of his beautifully executed line drawings.
World's Classics No. 530. **$1.25**

At all bookstores

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
114 Fifth Avenue, New York 11, N.Y.

Publishers of Fine Books for over Four Centuries

The ANTIOCH REVIEW

"Why should there not be a patient confidence in the ultimate justice of the people? Is there any better or equal hope in the world?" —ABRAHAM LINCOLN

EDITORIAL BOARD
PAUL BIXLER
Chairman
LOUIS FILLER
Book Review Editor
W. B. ALEXANDER
HEINZ EULAU
GEORGE R. GEIGER
ALBERT W. LIDDLE*
HERMAN SCHNURER
ALBERT B. STEWART
EVERETT K. WILSON
FREEMAN CHAMPNEY
Business Manager
*on leave of absence

Indexed in the *International Index to Periodicals*

Published, Yellow Springs, Ohio, in March, June, September, and December by The Antioch Review, Inc., a non-profit organization incorporated under the laws of the State of Ohio. The Antioch Review is not an official publication of Antioch College and the views expressed in its columns are not necessarily those of the College. Subscription: $3.00 the year; Canadian, $3.50; Foreign, $4. Single copies, 75 cents.

Contributions should be sent to The Antioch Review, Yellow Springs, Ohio. Unsolicited manuscripts which are found unavailable for publication will not be returned unless accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelope. The Editors assume no responsibility for the views expressed by contributors.

National Distributor
Eastern News Company
165 E. 35th St., N.Y. 16

Publication Office,
212 Xenia Avenue,
Yellow Springs, Ohio.
Entered as second-class matter, March 22, 1941 at the post office at Yellow Springs, Ohio, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Contents

The Crisis in British Socialism 387
JOHN P. ROCHE

Horseman Among Stars ..... *a Poem* ... 398
SEYMOUR GRESSER

Do You Swear to Tell the Truth? ... *a Poem* ... 399
MILTON SPEISER

The Walls of Jericho ..... *a Story* ... 400
ABRAHAM ROTHBERG

The Ballad of Charlotte ..... *a Poem* ... 416
PHILIP MURRAY

Some Observations on Changes in Leisure Attitudes 417
DAVID RIESMAN

Beyond the Kindly Shores ..... *a Poem* ... 437
F. EMERSON ANDREWS

Patriotism for Partisans: A Responsible Opposition 448
NORTON E. LONG

East Wind ..... *a Poem* ... 457
SAMUEL YELLEN

Good Hope ..... *a Story* ... 458
WINIFRED WILLIAMS

Anti-Americanism in France 468
ARNOLD M. ROSE

Office Party ..... *a Poem* ... 485
DAVID IGNATOW

Books 486
WILLARD N. MARSH, RIDGELY CUMMINGS, EDWARD L. KATZENBACH, JR., LOUIS FILLER

VOLUME XII DECEMBER, 1952 NUMBER 4

Copyright 1952 by The Antioch Review, Incorporated, Yellow Springs, Ohio. Contributions to The Antioch Review may not be reprinted in whole or in part without the permission of the Editors.

Editors' Shop Talk

Professor Norton E. Long wrote his article "Politics for Partisans" (page 448) before the election, even before the conventions, but its significance seems quite as great now that the Democrats have been turned out as it did when the Republicans inhabited the wilderness. Professor Long argues his case largely out of Republican irresponsibility in the past twenty years, but can we now expect a Dies or a McCarran out of power, to be more responsible than a Jenner or a McCarthy in the same condition?

Professor Long makes clear that a good part of the difficulty lies in the conflict and difference in popular representation between the Executive and Congress. Hence he suggests that the defeated candidate for the Presidency become the recognized Leader of the Opposition with the right to be heard on the floor of Congress. The problem here, as Professor Long recognizes, is to get the Opposition politicians to accept the defeated candidate's leadership.

Now that Governor Stevenson is the "incumbent" as defeated presidential candidate, and now that he, unlike Governor Dewey before him, will be without an official position, why does he not deserve a public platform from which to win and consolidate the opposition leadership? One critic has already suggested that anyone who can "hold an audience of millions just to see and hear one of the most poignant and patriotic concessions ever spoken by a candidate to our highest office" be given a weekly half-hour television program to check on the state of the nation. Possibly a weekly newspaper column with a monthly or less frequent radio and television appearance would serve the purpose even better. But we believe the Governor would make the best of the experiment. And this would allow him to win an effective party leadership, which if we had to wait for Congress to pass a law, might be forever in coming.

* * *

First prize of $2,000 in the Short Story Contest of the National Five Arts Award, Incorporated has gone to Irwin Stark for "The Bridge," which we published in 1945. The amount we paid for "The Bridge" was pitifully small, yet many a popular author might well envy the returns Mr. Stark has received over the years for it.

* * *

Henry Steiner's story "Rice," which we published in 1951 (fall issue), has been reprinted in the new quarterly *Perspectives USA* issued around the world in British, French, German and Italian language editions as well as in American. The magazine is published by Intercultural Publications, Inc., established by the Ford Foundation. As readers will remember, "Rice" is a story of American military personnel and Korean nationals in the Korea of the period between World War II and the present conflict. The author is a civil engineer, younger by several years than any other contributor to *Perspectives*.

The Crisis in British Socialism

By JOHN P. ROCHE

BRITISH SOCIALISM is today in the throes of a profound internal crisis. If we are to believe what we read in the American newspapers, Aneurin Bevan's strength is growing daily among the British trade unions, and no less an authority than the *New York Times* highlighted the recent Labor Party Conference at Morecambe as a Bevan victory. Some "experts" on British socialism even tell us that Aneurin Bevan will be the next Labor Prime Minister. In short, we are led to believe that the extremists are virtually in command of the Labor Party.

It is the purpose of this analysis to demonstrate that these prophets of gloom are mistaken, that their analyses are based on inadequate knowledge of both the internal organization of the Labor Party and of the political process in general, and finally that the real nature of the Bevanite threat is quite different from that suggested above. In fact, it is here submitted that Aneurin Bevan can never capture the Labor Party as it is now constituted, but he can ruin it. To put the point precisely, the Bevanites may make it impossible for the British Labor Party to win another election, which in political terms is to condemn the party to death by slow strangulation. British socialism has not been an "ideology" in the Continental sense; it has been a concrete bid for political power. Thus, if the pragmatic and thoroughly nondialectical average British socialist decides that the Labor Party is destined to be a permanent minority, he may well take his political business elsewhere.

The leaders of British socialism are on the horns of a horrible dilemma. On one extreme stand the powerful trade union bureaucrats who would destroy the party sooner than have it fall into Bevan's hands, while on the other, stand Bevan and his associates who cripple the party's power to win elections. The major bone of contention is

---

Assistant Professor of Government at Haverford College, JOHN P. ROCHE is also a contributing editor to *Phylon*. He is a close student of Western European Socialism—and, in general terms—of the effects of "enthusiasm" in politics.

the British middle class. The facts are clear: in 1945, and to a lesser extent in 1950, the Labor Party victory was based on middle class support. In 1951, the party lost precisely because this *bourgeois* segment of the electorate was alienated. The Laborites did, indeed, win a "moral victory" over the Conservatives by polling a larger percentage of the total vote than did the victors, but this slight over-all advantage was more than offset by the fact that Labor piled up unnecessary majorities in safe constituencies. Under the British electoral system, as in the United States, a one-vote majority elects as surely as a majority of ten thousand. Thus, while the Labor Party can gain limited comfort from its popular plurality, it is also acutely aware that, in the words of a great rugby coach, "moral victories are for the chaps who can't get the other kind."

To win the other kind of victory, Labor must regain the confidence of the middle-class voter. The working class of industrial Britain simply can not, at least under the present election system, go it alone. And, although Mr. Churchill has, in the course of his campaign to seduce the Liberal Party into the Conservative bed, grumbled some favorable comments about proportional representation, it may be assumed that the single-member constituency is a permanent feature of British political life. The implications of this electoral situation are tremendous and may be summarized in one sentence: If the Labor Party is to win any future elections, socialism must be given even more of a middle-class veneer. Or, to put it another way, British socialists, unless they are prepared to become permanent wilderness dwellers, must formulate a program acceptable to the middle class.

To many foreign socialists, this would appear to be unnecessary. British socialism has long been considered petty *bourgeois* reformism by the Continental comrades, and further adjustments in the program of the Labor Party would probably appear unimportant to the Sanhedrin of socialist orthodoxy—or at worst, as another step in the betrayal of socialism that began a half century ago. But at this particular time there happens to be a considerable opposition within the Labor Party to the further *embourgeoisement* of British socialism, and it may yet appear that the type of schismatic who gives an air of authenticity to a Continental socialist party will pop up in British socialism. Aneurin Bevan, although his chances of dominating either the British Labor Party or the British Trades Union Congress are virtually non-

existent, could serve as the catalyst and spearhead of a movement that would disrupt the Labor Party and weaken the bonds between the party and the Trades Union Congress.

In order to put Bevan in perspective, it is necessary to review briefly the internal history of the Labor Party. Initially formed by a reluctant marriage between the Trades Union Congress and socialist intellectuals (the majority at the T.U.C. Convention which in 1899 authorized independent political action was a scant 5-4), the Labor Party soon became the nesting place of every radical reformer in Great Britain. Pacifists, vegetarians, feminists, anti-bloodsporters, republicans, all joined the Independent Labor Party which served as the intellectual organization in the over-all federal party structure. (It was not until 1917 that the Labor Party accepted individual memberships except through intermediate constituent organizations.) In addition, a considerable body of Christian Socialist intellectuals—doctors, lawyers, dons, ministers—affiliated with the party on the ground that it was continuing the nonconformist tradition abandoned, in their view, by the Liberals.

The trade unionists, interested primarily in their own objectives, viewed the tremendous accretion of intellectuals with some alarm, but recognized that these "toffs" were helping them in their fight for industrial democracy. Furthermore, the unions had the situation in the party thoroughly under control. When all the shouting at party congresses was over, and the radical speeches at last subsided, the trade unionists with their bloc votes could decisively settle matters in a respectable fashion. In addition, it should be noted that the unionists were themselves in a radical frame of mind, and, if they were not particularly interested in socialist metaphysics, they were decidedly in favor of the immediate demands of the metaphysicians. Consequently the unions supplied the funds for socialist education and agitation while taking little direct leadership in the campaign.

The intellectuals who joined the party and led it throughout its early years were divided into roughly two camps. One group, which included a substantial number of Marxists, talked in traditional class-war terms. They looked upon capitalism as a foul cancer which should be cut from the British body-politic at the earliest possible date and by whatever means were necessary and expedient. This segment of the party was violently antimilitarist, as distinguished from pacifist, and

frequently expressed its scorn for the reformist tactics of the trade unions. In the eyes of these intellectuals, and their few trade union allies such as young Ernie Bevin, real democracy could only develop under socialism and the "mere political democracy" that existed in Britain was a snare and a delusion. Capitalism, they insisted, could not be modified into socialism through the democratic process, for the latter was designed by capitalists for their own protection and would be abandoned in favor of suppression if any real threat to capitalism arose. Socialism would come first; democracy would come later.

The second segment of intellectuals took a different view of the matter. Strongly influenced by the nonconformist Christian tradition, these Laborites tended to look upon the capitalist as Christ looked upon the sinner: a man more to be pitied than hated. A strong pacifist contingent vigorously opposed class-war doctrines, and an even stronger admixture of Fabians eschewed radicalism in favor of the "inevitability of gradualness." To the members of this segment, socialism was a superstructure on democracy, and the way to achieve socialism was the democratic route of political victory in peaceful elections. Indeed, most Fabians were "state socialists" who unreservedly advocated the use of the capitalist state apparatus to attain socialist ends.

The trade union leaders who were, after all, dedicated to exploiting capitalism for the benefit of the wage earner rather than to overthrowing it, aligned themselves firmly with the moderate intellectuals and set out on the long tortuous road to political power. The extremist intellectuals, with a motley crew of unionists, mainly syndicalists, worked desperately to move the Labor Party to the "left," but events both internal and external worked against them. Internally they were confronted by the passionate solidarity of the trade unionist who viewed any attack on his union leaders as both an attack upon his judgment and a bonus for management. Externally, the Russian Revolution and the formation of the British Communist Party as a competitor with the Labor Party created additional difficulties. While the British workers had great sympathy for the Bolsheviks and the Soviet Revolution, they were completely merciless toward scissionists within their movement and party. Thus many of the extremists trickled off into the wilderness where they usually went through successive seizures of Leninist, Trotskyist, Syndicalist, Mosleyite, and other unnamed

enthusiasms. The British workers would not even crucify these proletrian messiahs; they simply ignored them.

By about 1935, the pattern was firmly established and had survived several grave crises: The moderate intellectuals ran the Labor Party supported by the great trade unions. Furthermore, two experiences with political power had whetted the appetites of the moderates and the unionists to the point where they would not let any niceties of socialist dogma interfere with the democratic process of getting votes. Socialism as theory became almost wholly identified with the victory of the Labor Party in a general election. What content there was to the Labor program consisted almost wholly of projects of public ownership which would alter the conditions of the industrial sector and advance the cause of industrial democracy. But it should again be emphasized that in the mind of the average Laborite socialism was the victory of his party, or, to use the expressive colloquialism, of "our people." Consequently throughout the Twenties and Thirties the Labor Party began to resemble its own ancestors less and less and its competitors for power more and more.

The genius behind this *embourgeoisement* was Herbert Morrison, Labor's apostle to the middle class. He saw the objective of the Labor Party clearly to be the collection of middle class votes so as to achieve a majority in Parliament, and, as his political talents began to mold the party, less and less was heard about class war and more about common destiny. There was indeed opposition to Morrison's "socialism without tears," but several factors combined to keep it subdued. First, the desertion of James Ramsay MacDonald and his few followers in 1931 served as a convenient touchstone of socialism. Morrison could turn to his left-wing critics and say: "If we were not socialist, would we still be here?" This suggestion that all the untrue socialists had deserted was difficult to answer, for the immediate rewards for betrayal had been great and the reward for faithfulness had been the devastating Labor defeat in the election of 1931. Second, in spite of the debacle of 1931, or perhaps because of it, the average Laborite devoted even more of his efforts to the achievement of future victory and was prepared to be ruthless towards potential schismatics who might delay victory. The general feeling seemed to be that the definition of socialism in specific terms could await the morrow of a socialist victory. The Labor Party in opposition succeeded in channeling the industry

and vigor of all sorts of diversified enthusiasts into one stream directed at overthrowing the Conservatives in the immediate future. The greatly enlarged Labor minority which resulted from the election of 1935 spurred them on to greater hopes. Socialism, real socialism, was in the offing, and this time the Labor government would not be at the mercy of a capitalist minority, but would have a majority in its own right.

The Labor victory in the General Election of 1945 came as a tremendous shock to all concerned. The Labor leadership, while publicly jubilant, were in private quite uneasy about the prospect before them. It is difficult to believe that the electorate voted for socialism; it would rather seem that several other factors played a more important role: reaction against the war and its restrictions, the feeling that the Tories were unprepared to face the problems of the postwar world, and last, but not least, a not inconsiderable body of sentiment to the effect that while Churchill was ideal to lead a parade, he was not the man to supervise the subsequent street cleaning. But in any case, and however motivated, the British people installed a socialist government, and the eager Laborites faced towards the dawn of a new England. The lean years were over, and the enthusiasts swarmed to the building of Jerusalem "in England's green and pleasant land."

This was indeed to be the pay off. The Labor Party had been given such a thumping majority in the House of Commons that there was no possibility of parliamentary sabotage. Nothing now stood in the way of implementing British socialism except defining it. At first this was easy, for the party had long stood for nationalization of coal, the Bank of England, and transport, and for socialized medicine, and it proceeded to put these promises into legislation. Foreign Secretary Ernest Bevin solemnized the end of the old colonial system by wishing India, Pakistan, Burma and Ceylon well as they began their ventures as independent nations. The Trades Disputes Act passed as a punitive measure after the General Strike of 1926 was repealed, and the trade union movement was consulted on matters of industrial policy as it had never been before. The Attlee government could face the British people with the assurance of men who have lived up to their promises; and seldom has a nation been fortunate enough to have a government with such a high level of competence.

But this was not enough. The election of the socialists, while it had led to the amelioration of the lot of the average Briton, had not trans-

formed the spirit and face of Britain. The coal miners found that the National Coal Board was not greatly different from a private employer. The pacifists discovered that the Labor government had no intention of abolishing the army. The unions found "their government" coming to them and imploring wage restraint. The enthusiasts began to chafe and mutter that the voice was Attlee's voice, but the hands were the hands of capitalism. Some left wingers began to talk about "state capitalism." Something was wrong, and since it had been accepted that the transformation of Britain would result from a Labor victory, the fact that the world remained largely the same was taken as proof of the inadequacy of British socialism.

To those in positions of responsibility, it must have seemed as though there were a historical conspiracy against the Labor Party. In the first place, the nation which had been turned over to them in 1945 was on the edge of bankruptcy. The nationalization of coal and transport, far from being noble socialist experiments, were economic imperatives, for only if the resources of the government were thrown into these fields would reconstruction be possible. Private investors could not have supplied the capital needed, for example, to rebuild the bombed railway system. In the second place, the government was stuck with a world they never made; they had certainly never thought that a large portion of national output would have to be channeled into nonproductive armaments. To take another example, socialist enthusiasm was of little value in dealing with the dollar shortage. Obviously socialism was more useful as a slogan of opposition than it was as an operational code for responsible ministers. A new disorder known as "Socialist ulcers" began to trouble the leaders of the Labor Party.

So long as the disillusioned enthusiasts had no leadership, the party leaders did not have to take them too seriously. Indeed, Attlee and his top strategy advisors were remarkably successful in keeping the disgruntled leaderless for so long. The main problem in this respect was obviously Aneurin Bevan, a first-rate demagogue with compulsive proletarian tendencies, but Attlee dampened Bevan's powder by making him Minister of Health, a position with immense responsibilities in the fields of housing, socialized medicine, and public health generally. Bevan was, in effect, told to put up or shut up. He put up, and did a superb job. Nevertheless, Bevan was obviously chafing under

the yoke of responsibility, and he did succeed in taking sufficient time off from his ministerial duties to make some speeches which, it is estimated, lost the Labor Party 150,000 votes each among the middle class. It was in one of these that he referred to the Tories as "vermin" with the obvious implication that they should be exterminated. Bevan needed a heavier yoke, so Attlee handed him the heaviest in the Cabinet—the Ministry of Labor and National Service.

This appointment really put Bevan on the spot. The trade unions were becoming more and more restive under the policy of wage restraint, and Bevan was told, in effect, to use his great reputation acquired as Minister of Health to hold them in line. Faced with the acute possibility that he would be required by the imperatives of his position to sacrifice his status as champion of the British worker, Bevan took the first plausible opportunity to resign. At once the leaderless enthusiasts had a leader, and one who could not be called a communist, and the leaders of the British Labor Party were brought face to face with a showdown that they wanted desperately to avoid.

Before discussing the future of Bevanism, it is important to analyze it. It is almost as difficult to answer the question, "What does Bevanism stand for?" as it is to describe precisely the views and program of the party leadership. But this much does seem clear: Bevanism is an amorphous body of complaints about a cruel world. It is, in a real sense, an attempt to recreate the childhood of the Labor Party when the lines between "socialists" and "capitalists" were clearly drawn and enthusiastic crusading was the order of the day. One observer of French politics has noted that the French Socialist Party is the prisoner of its childhood, and it may be suggested that Bevanism represents a similar manifestation in British socialism.

Practically speaking, Bevanism is characterized by a frenetic repudiation of the middle class, of middle-class virtues, of middle-class socialism, of gradualism. The defeat of Herbert Morrison for reelection to the Executive Committee of the Labor Party, which occurred at the party conference at Morecambe in October, 1952, was the symbolic vengeance of this group upon the man whom it feels is the incarnation of socialist Babbittry. The enthusiasts had their revenge on the Grand Inquisitor!

Thus around the standard of Aneurin Bevan have rallied all the social malcontents, the crusading enthusiasts, the crypto-communists,

and others whose common bond is little more than their disillusionment with the democratic process. If there is any one thread that unites the Bevanites, it would seem to be faith in historical short-cuts.

Will Bevan split the party? Probably not, at least, not if he can avoid it. Bevan was on the verge of expulsion in the Thirties, at the time of the Socialist League incident, but while Stafford Cripps was then prepared to go into the wilderness with his principles, Bevan capitulated and remained in the party. But his very presence there constitutes a tremendous problem both for him and for the party leaders. Attlee will be very cautious lest he create a martyr; and Bevan will be careful not to give good grounds for expulsion, or to bolt, for he is well aware of the solidarity of the party in the face of schism. At the same time, Bevan makes it very difficult for the moderate leaders to gain the confidence of the middle class, while he cannot himself organize a faction or a new party without being expelled. In short, for the time being, an organizational stalemate exists.

How much support does Bevan have in the Labor Party? At the last party congress at Morecambe, the Bevanites won six seats on the party executive. This was a gain of two, since the Bevan group had four members on the last executive. But the significant aspect of this election was that all six were elected from the Constituency Labor Parties. (The twenty-seven member Executive is elected in a peculiar fashion, growing out of the original federal design of the party: two hold *ex officio* membership, twelve are chosen by the trade unions, six by the whole party membership, and seven by the constituencies. In effect, eighteen are in the pocket of the trade union section.) Bevanite strength was greatest among the intellectuals, and least among the trade unionists. This last statement should be qualified somewhat since the trade-union custom of casting each union's vote *en bloc* may cover up significant minority strength. But at any rate, it appears as though Bevan is another proletarian messiah without a proletariat.

Some newspaper accounts tell us of wide-spread Bevanism in the trade union movement. However, these analyses fail to distinguish between trade-union agreement with one of Bevan's many complaints, and trade-union support for Bevanism as a political movement. Bevan has voiced so many objections to the present situation that it is virtually impossible for anybody, anywhere to complain about anything without agreeing with Bevan! But agreement with some of Bevan's views does

not make a Bevanite. For example, one of the unions which has complained the loudest about the restraints of British life is the Chemical Workers. Objectively, it would seem to fall into the Bevanite category. But, subjectively, it is dominated by old Independent Labor Party men who consider Bevan to be a dishonest political operator, and would never support him. Consequently, while there is considerable discontent in trade-union circles, it can not be automatically registered as Bevanism. Moreover, at the T.U.C. Congress, held at Margate in September, 1952, the combined oppositions never rallied more than a quarter of the votes.

This does not, however, alleviate the crisis for the leaders of the Labor Party. They are not particularly worried about losing the trade unions to the Bevanites. Their major problem is the middle class whose fear of undemocratic extremism must be alleviated if another election is to be won for Labor. If the left-wing intellectuals can succeed in alienating the middle class from socialism over a period of years, the Labor Party may begin to disintegrate. British politics are quite similar to American in this respect: a political party keeps strong by delivering the goods to its supporters. The Labor Party has held the support of the British worker not so much because the latter is committed to "socialism," as through the worker's conviction that he will be better off with his friends in power. Indeed, it should be noted, the Labor Party's control of the "union vote" is far from complete; it has been estimated in Labor circles that one worker in four votes Conservative. However, if the Laborite workers ever decide that the party has lost its utility, that is, that it can win no more elections, he may very well switch his allegiance.

An additional factor deserves mention. Labor unions in despair take quite different attitudes from unions that are thriving. The Labor Party in the course of its struggle for industrial democracy may, by its very success, have weakened its hold over the workers. It should not be forgotten that the New Deal weakened its farm support largely by creating agricultural prosperity. If the Conservative Party, under the pressure of political imperatives, has really mended its antilabor ways, there is no reason to suspect that the British Trades Union Congress will engage in a quixotic defense of socialism. As the General Council of the T.U.C. recently pointed out to the Churchill government: "On our part we shall continue to examine every question solely in the light

of its industrial and economic implications. The trade union movement must always be free to formulate and to advocate its own policies." Gompers himself could not have said it better.

In short, then, the problem the Laborites face is that of adjusting socialism to a middle-class, democratic society. To do this, they must face squarely up to the Bevanites, who represent a fundamentally undemocratic tendency. If the Labor Party cannot master this problem in a satisfactory manner, it may well become a permanent and progressively disintegrating minority. There is, however, no reason to suspect that democratic British socialists cannot overcome this barrier as they have solved the difficulties that faced them in the past. The heart of British socialism is a mature, humanistic approach to the problems of life and a dedication to the principle that men can, working together in a piecemeal, pragmatic fashion, master their destinies. In all probability, Bevanism will terminate on the scrap heap along with the Independent Labor Party, the Socialist League, and other Labor offshoots that rejected prosaic democratic maturity in favor of conspicuous proletarianism.

Horseman Among Stars

By SEYMOUR GRESSER

Hunt for the cable
bound and unwound my genius of mirrors,
born and capsuled in the heart's sea.

Wait only the eclipse to move
when moon and sun blend in each other,
hear racing the neighs of stars,
the hoof-falls of the water.

Nostalgia
        but to the fingers only,
        bent veins and blue knuckles
and winter
        when young lovers have not seen the snow.
How shall the hunt have meaning . . .
who hears no bud break
cannot listen the leaf color . . .

who proved all the pleasures and came with me,
dissolved among mirrors,
companion spherics of epic men
or gratitude
        when her eyes closed
and I and the world locked halls and doors,
walls leaned without ceremonial lamentations
or Pisa seen by hunters swung on cable thighs
swinging toward eternities, all who heard
the sun leap through the sea.

SEYMOUR GRESSER has published poems in the *Hopkins Review, Poetry Quarterly* (London), and other publications. "Horseman Among Stars" he describes as "an attempt to define God in terms of simplicity, although the poem is not simple, in the sense that a lyric of Tagore's would be simple."

Do You Swear to Tell the Truth?

By Milton Speiser

When the bribe was offered,
We turned it down.
For the good of the Force.

The Senator told the bank president to go to hell,
The blonde said no,
The fixer quit,
The pimp fell in love, got a job, married and had four kids.
Every game, race, fight was on the level,
The contract was let to the lowest bidder,
The judge couldn't be reached,
The gunman took up gardening.
And nobody was surprised.

Out past the city dump I saw a Rat.
He was fat, sleek and slippery.
He sat on his haunches on a TV set with a hundred-inch screen
Painting a perfume ad,
And he was humming a popular tune.

Milton Speiser lives in New York City and has published poetry in the *Prairie Schooner*.

A STORY

The Walls of Jericho

By ABRAHAM ROTHBERG

WHEN PUBLIC SCHOOL WAS OVER, David Freed came home for his Hebrew school books and his afternoon milk and crackers. He would rather have remained to play indoor baseball in the schoolyard, and he sat in the small dark kitchen dawdling with his milk until his mother hurried him along. "David! you'll be late again for Talmud Torah! Do you want Rebi Greenberg to tell Papa that you were late again this week?" Remembering his father's angry face and Mr. Greenberg's pinching, ear-pulling little fingers, David gulped the rest of his milk and went for his books. At the door, his mother caught him, picked up his black silk skullcap, embroidered with the blue Star of David, and quickly brushed his hair into place. "Now remember," she said, her brown eyes large and serious, "no fighting. Your father said that if *they* want to fight, you mind your own business and go to the Talmud Torah." David nodded hopelessly. What was the use of explaining again that you couldn't go past them? His parents didn't understand that there was no use talking to the Forty Thieves because they wanted to fight, not talk. Their favorite hangout was on the street before the Talmud Torah so that they could get at all the Jewish boys who had to pass them to go to Hebrew school. And there were always fights, every day. As he was leaving the house, his mother called after him from upstairs. "Don't forget what I said, David. No fighting! And I want you home right after Talmud Torah. Papa will be hungry, and I don't want to wait with supper."

David didn't answer. He went outside, closing the door silently behind him so it would seem he had already gone when she had called to him. Outside, Sonny Richter, eating an apple, was waiting for him.

ABRAHAM ROTHBERG has been college teacher, editor, and short story writer. He was executive editor of *Stateside Magazine* and co-editor with Martha Foley of *U. S. Stories: Stories from the 48 States.* One of his short stories was reprinted in *The Best American Short Stories, 1950.* At present he is editor of a political magazine for which he also writes monthly feature articles.

He and Sonny had just worked out a way of going through the back alleys so that they didn't have to pass D'Aquino's candy store where the Forty Thieves always waited. It was always at D'Aquino's that the fights started. The Jewish kids went in two's usually, because so many of them had been beat up, but even that was no good because the Forty Thieves came in fours and fives now.

"Did you do the homework?" Sonny asked, taking another bite of his apple.

David nodded.

"I didn't get time to do mine," Sonny said. "Wanna bite?" He proffered the apple but David shook his head. "Tell me about the homework, huh?"

"Oh, it's Joshua blowing the trumpets and the walls of Jericho falling down," David said.

"Again?"

"It's one of Greenberg's favorites."

They walked down the street, ducked into the alleyway behind Jiggs's apartment house, through the backyard of D'Aquino's, under the twisted little crabapple trees, past the bocci alley behind the Italian grocery store on the corner, where the little black balls lay on the ground like fallen fruit. Then it was only a dash across the avenue and they were half a block from the Talmud Torah and safely past D'Aquino's. "That's a good way," Sonny said, beginning to eat his apple again. "They didn't even see us. Look, they're in front of D'Aquino's looking the other way."

David turned and in front of the candy store he saw four of the Forty Thieves, Banana Nose, Fonzi, Sal, and Petey. "They'll see us some day and catch us behind D'Aquino's and that'll be worse," David said. "Besides I hate to sneak."

"You wanna fight with them every day? Two against four? two against five?"

David shrugged. "I don't know."

"You know what your father said about fighting them. And my father too. Boy, he gave it to me last time too, when Fonzi tore my shirt."

"I ain't scared of 'em," David said.

"You ain't scared, huh? You look plenty scared," Sonny said.

"Maybe I am scared," David said after a moment, "but I don't like running away."

"But you can't talk to those guys. You know that. Schloime tried last week, so they tore up his Bible and burned his *yarmelke* with matches, and beat him up anyway."

They walked down the few stairs that led under the synagogue to the Talmud Torah. Mr. Greenberg had already started the lesson when they opened the door of the classroom. "Oho, *trumbenicks*, you're here already? Good evening to you." He made them a mock bow and then picked up the blackboard pointer while they hurried to their seats. David opened his book to the place and hunched over it, but he was still thinking of the Forty Thieves. Some day they were going to get it, all of them, and get it good.

"Dovid?" Mr. Greenberg stood next to him.

"Yes, Rebi Greenberg."

"Where is the place?"

"Here." David pointed and Mr. Greenberg brought the pointer down across his knuckles. "That's for coming late. Now, translate."

His knuckles were like fire and he almost got up to hit back, like Nadie Rosen had done when Mr. Greenberg hit him before Rosh Hashonoh, but he remembered what his father had said. There was to be no more trouble with Mr. Greenberg and the Talmud Torah. If there was, his father had promised that he would get it, and good, so David just looked his hatred at Mr. Greenberg's thin, pale face, with the little silver-rimmed glasses and the wispy mustache and sideburns.

"Translate!" Mr. Greenberg repeated. "Are you deaf on an ear?"

David began to translate.

> So the people shouted when the priests blew the trumpets and it came to pass that when the people heard the sound of the trumpet, they shouted a great shout so that the wall fell down flat and the people went into the city without trouble and they took the city.

When David finished, Mr. Greenberg called on Sonny, gave him the same pointer across the knuckles for coming late, and then hurried his translating. David hated Mr. Greenberg's teaching. It wasn't like public school where the teachers got mad and maybe made you stay after school, or do extra homework, or even wear a dunce cap. Mr. Greenberg was always hitting, with the pointer or with his hands, on the knuckles, the back, the legs, pinching an arm, or twisting an ear

with his strong, hairy fingers. Now, because Sonny had missed a word, because he hadn't done the homework, Mr. Greenberg twisted his ear, while Sonny tried to pull away and finish his translation at the same time. He was half way out of his seat when the unfinished half of his apple fell out of his pocket and rolled on the floor and the class burst into laughter. "Silence!" Mr. Greenberg roared, and after an extra, final tweak, he let go of Sonny's ear and finished the translation himself.

> And Joshua then commanded them, saying, Cursed be the man before God who shall come and rebuild this city of Jericho: the foundation of it shall lay in his firstborn, and on his youngest son shall he set up its gates.

When the lesson was over David left the classroom quickly. It was almost as if he had to rush into the open to breathe again, and he went up the stairs two at a time until he was outside of the synagogue. Evening had come swiftly, as autumn evenings sometimes do, fallen like a haze of darkening snow. The air was clean and cool in his mouth and he swallowed it until Sonny and Nadie Rosen came upstairs, and Nadie said, "You let him hit yuh again, Davie." It was half a question, half an accusation.

David said nothing.

"His old man said he'd give it to him if he started up with Greenberg again," Sonny explained for him.

"He musta been talking to my old man," Nadie said. "I seen them in synagogue together on Shabos. I told my old man that no matter what he said, Greenberg better not lay a hand on me any more. Great! So he gets mad and says that if Greenberg won't, he will. He give me some shellackin too."

"Did you cry?" Sonny asked.

"Whaddyu think I'm a cry baby?" Nadie said. Then, changing the subject, he went on. "That Greenberg. He loves that book of Joshua better than all the rest together because there's war and killin and the Jews conquering the Amorites and the Perizzites and the Jebusites."

"Be a lot better if he could tell us how to conquer the Forty Thieves," David interjected. "Now."

"Oh, that," Sonny laughed. "That's easy. Just get your trumpet and we'll blow 'em down just like Jericho."

"Big joke," Nadie said, disgustedly, "but it ain't funny."

At the corner, Sonny, suddenly confidential, said to Nadie, "Lis-

ten, we've got a special way to get past the Forty Thieves. You want us to show you?"

Nadie looked at him for a moment, his shoulders hunching under his brown suede jacket. "I'm not runnin away from them, or from Greenberg, or from anybody," he said, his smooth brown face stiffening, and his jaws working.

Sonny stopped. "Well, I don't care about you, but Davie and I are going our way," he said defensively.

"Okay, who's stoppin' yuh?"

"I'm going past D'Aquino's with Nadie," David said, sorry to see Sonny's face fall and his eyes go wide with fright. He knew that there was no use in ducking through the alley anyway. The Forty Thieves would find out and pretty soon they'd wait there, so what difference did it make? Might as well go the regular way.

"You guys nuts?" Sonny said. "You remember what your father said about fights, Davie. You better go with me."

"Scared cat," Nadie said.

"I ain't scared. It's just dumb to fight."

"Come on, Davie," Nadie said. "Let's go."

They stepped off the curb and began to cross the street. "Okay, okay," Sonny called. "Wait for me. If you guys go, I'll go too." They waited for him in the middle of the street and when he caught up to them, they walked three abreast across the street, and then across the avenue to the side D'Aquino's was on.

"Make believe we're talkin'," Nadie said, "like we don't even notice 'em."

"Sure, but they're waiting. Four of em," Sonny said. "Banana Nose, Fonzi, Sal, and Petey."

"Hey Freed, yuh sheeny," Banana Nose said. "Yuh running home to Momma to do yuh homewoik, Davie?"

"Listen, you Banana Nose guinea," Nadie said, "you too dumb to do your homework. You can't even read."

"He wasn't talkin' to you," Fonzi said. "He was talkin' to little Davie. You mind your business."

They were at D'Aquino's now and Fonzi and Banana Nose had stepped out on the sidewalk to block their way, and Petey and Sal stood at the side, leaning against the Indian nut and poppy seed machines.

"Look, Fonzi, we're in a hurry. We gotta get home for supper," Sonny said, pleading, but Nadie looked at him and he shut up.

"You gonna let us past, Joe?" David said to Banana Nose, calling him by his school name.

"My name's Banana Nose to you, sheeny, see?" he said, pushing his finger into David's chest, and bringing his face so close that David could feel his own eyes pull together to watch Banana Nose's big nose quivering and his dark eyes brimming with hatred.

"Look, Banana Nose," David said, "we didn't come here to fight, but you better not say sheeny again."

"D'yuh hear that, Petey?" Banana Nose half-turned to the two still leaning and watching. "He ain't come here to fight, and we better not say that doity woid sheeny." He turned to David, pushed his face close again, and yelled, "Sheeny, sheeny, sheeny yella belly," and then slapped David's face with a loud-sounding open palm that was like a paper bag blown up and busted. David felt the same burning pain in his face he had felt in his knuckles when Mr. Greenberg hit him and he punched Banana Nose's head. The fight was on. Nadie rushed Fonzi and Petey and Sal jumped on Sonny and began to punch him, while he tried to cover his face. After that, David had eyes only for Banana Nose. Banana Nose him him in the stomach and David felt sick and breathless together. A fist hit his nose, stinging and painful, and he felt the blood run salty over his lips. He put his hand up to his face and wiped the blood away. The sight of the blood, red and rivuleted on his hand made him crazy mad. He jumped at Banana Nose, hit him on the ear, punched his head again, slammed him in the stomach, and then threw him on the sidewalk. Banana Nose pulled his ankles and David went down on the sidewalk with him, rolling over and over, as they both punched each other's ribs and back.

Above the roar of his anger and the beat of his blood, David heard two voices shouting together and hands pulled him away from Banana Nose, and Banana Nose away from him, while both of them kept trying to punch. "Thick heads," a voice cried in Italian. "Calabrian thick heads! Sicilian bandits! What the hell you do in front of my store! You want to bring police here?" It was Mr. D'Aquino, two hundred and fifty pounds of him, his big belly hanging over his thin belt and baggy pants, pulling Petey and Sal off Sonny. The other voice was yelling in Yiddish, "*Trombeniks!* Gangsters! You are thieves and car-

riage drivers to fight like this in the street?" And in the midst of Nadie and Fonzi, still fighting, David saw Mr. Greenberg, his black caftan flying and his black felt hat on the ground, knocked off his head by Fonzi, revealing his white embroidered skull cap. In a few minutes, it was all over. Banana Nose, Fonzi, Sal, and Petey were lined up behind Mr. D'Aquino's big bulk, and Sonny, Nadie, and David were behind Mr. Greenberg's caftan. Mr. D'Aquino and Mr. Greenberg were talking simultaneously and their words were mixed in David's ears. "Now, whaddyu wanna fight for, huh? . . . You know what you'll get when your parents hear you fight in the streets like gangsters. . . . Whatsamatta, not enough trouble ina woild fa you? . . . How many times in class I have told you that fighting is bad. . . ." There was a sudden quiet as Mr. D'Aquino and Mr. Greenberg stopped together. "Now, you getta go home, no hang around my store no more, you hear," D'Aquino said. "If I see you fighting again, I give you five pages extra to translate," Mr. Greenberg said, picking his hat up and brushing the dust from the nap with his sleeve, before he set it straight and awkward on his head. "Now, go home."

As they turned to go, Banana Nose yelled, "Whatsamatta, yella bellies, need your sheeny teacher to help yuh fight?"

David turned back, Nadie right behind him, but Mr. Greenberg stepped in front of them. "It is enough," he said in Yiddish. "Go home. You will not make them think better of you or me by hitting them."

"Yuch gekitchmeroubaragovok," Banana Nose mimicked the Yiddish. "Whyn't yuh speak English, yuh forriners?"

"Let be ssshah!" Mr. Greenberg ordered them, his face sterner than David had ever seen it. None of them dared answer Banana Nose.

Then, as a parting shot, Banana Nose shouted, "We'll wait for yuh in the schoolyard tonight to finish this, yella bellies."

"You better be there too," Fonzi added, "or we come and drag you out of the house."

"Gwan with you big mouths," Mr. D'Aquino said, lifting his huge hands. "Gwan, before I make you little mouth."

"You big fat slob," Fonzi said.

"You think you own the whole street cause you gotta stinkin candy store," Petey added.

"Scram out!" Mr. D'Aquino shouted, stamping his foot, and the Forty Thieves fell back.

"Don't forget, sheenies," Banana Nose shouted again. "The handball courts at half past eight." Then the four of them slouched to the corner and were gone.

"Go home already," Mr. Greenberg commanded, and they began to walk towards the other corner, while Mr. Greenberg turned back to Mr. D'Aquino. As they walked away, David heard Mr. D'Aquino say, "Whaddyu gonna do with sucha kids?" and Mr. Greenberg's answering, "When they are men, grown, maybe they are smarter?"

Nadie, Sonny, and David walked up the street in silence, trying to straighten their clothing, wipe their faces clean with their handkerchiefs, and smooth their hair with their pocket combs. David's shirt was covered with blood and dirt, and he knew that unless he could get into the bathroom and get cleaned up without his mother seeing him, the whole thing would start all over again, only this time his father would hit him for fighting because Jewish boys did not fight. They got to David's house before Sonny asked, "You gonna be there tonight?"

"Where?" David asked.

"The schoolyard," Nadie said. "Sure he's gonna be there. And me too. You better be there too."

"Whaddyu mean?"

"Just be there," Nadie repeated. "I'm gonna bring Maxie Jonas along too—he's a good fighter—so it's four to four even."

"All right," David said. He hadn't thought of going but maybe this would settle it once and for all. "Meet you at the schoolyard, our side of the street, about half past eight."

Upstairs, David opened the door quietly, and hearing his mother in the bedroom slipped quietly into the bathroom and locked the door.

"Davie?" his mother called.

"Yeh, Ma, I'm in the toilet."

"Hurry up and get out of there. Papa'll be home any minute."

When he had washed all the blood and dirt away, David took off his bloodied shirt and put it at the bottom of the hamper, covering it over with all the other soiled laundry. Then he opened the door, went into his bedroom, and put on a clean shirt. He heard his father come in, his mother's "Jakob?" and his father's grunted "Yah, Leah." He sat down with his Bible to try to do the translations for the next day's lesson in Talmud Torah but he couldn't concentrate. If he went to the

schoolyard and fought, his father would find out and beat him for fighting. If he stayed home and didn't go, the boys would think he was a coward and the Forty Thieves would make it miserable for him every time he passed D'Aquino's, and even in school. And what if he did beat up Banana Nose? What difference would it make? You couldn't talk to the Forty Thieves but you couldn't beat them either. They liked to fight and it would mean fights and more fights, with Banana Nose, with Fonzi, with Sal, and all the rest of them until he got licked. You just couldn't win. He tried not to think of it, to concentrate on Joshua and the Amorites.

> Then Joshua spoke to the Lord on the day when the Lord delivered the Amorites to the children of Israel, and he said before the eyes of Israel, Sun, stand still over Gibeon; and Moon, in the valley of Ajalon.
>
> And the sun stood still, and the moon stood still, until the people had avenged themselves upon their enemies.

But David knew that the Lord would not deliver the Forty Thieves to them, nor would the Sun stand still on their street, or the Moon stand still over the handball courts in the schoolyard. At half past eight they'd all be there waiting, and he would have to go.

"David?" his father called.

"Yes, Pa, I'm in the bedroom."

"Come to the table," his mother said.

"What is he doing in there?" his father said to his mother in Yiddish.

"I'm doing my Talmud homework for tomorrow," David answered in English as he came into the kitchen.

"How is it in Talmud Torah?" his father asked in Yiddish as David sat down at the table. Since his *bar-mitzvah* his father had begun to talk to him in Yiddish, as if he now suddenly, and overnight, understood the language for the first time. "I saw Rebi Greenberg in synagogue tonight, at Maarev, but he did not have time to talk with me." David said that he was doing all right, and wondered what luck had kept his father from talking with Mr. Greenberg. His mother came to the table with hot borscht, quartered potatoes and slices of hard-boiled eggs swimming in it, and his father began to eat. There was halibut, dipped in egg and fried brown and tender, a salad of red cabbage, strips of orange carrot, light pink tomatoes and cool green lettuce, and finally blintzes, with the soft cheese inside the thin brown dough. When his mother brought the coffee, his father spoke. "Mr.

Rosen told me that his son, Nadie, is a big fighter. He is your friend, no?"

David nodded, swallowing a bite of blintze too quickly, so that his throat hurt, and he could not trust himself to speak.

"I do not want to hear you made yourself cheap fighting in the street like a hooligan," his father said slowly.

"But Pa," David protested, "even in the Bible the Jews fought. I just finished Joshua's battle with the Amorites, where the sun and the moon stood still, and tonight in Talmud Torah, we read about the fall of Jericho."

"That was another time, and another country," his father said, his eyes far away looking. "It was different."

"You must fight sometimes," David insisted, "they won't let you alone."

"*They? They* will always let you alone if you let them alone."

His mother glanced at both of them, and then looked down at the slim gold band of her wedding ring. "It's that your father knows you cannot fight and win," she said quietly. "It is only by not fighting that you win."

"I don't understand. How can you win by not fighting?"

"By being living," his father said. "It is sometimes braver to turn away than to fight and be killed."

"But Pa, if they call you sheeny and dirty Jew, and beat you, you can't just turn away. They think you are a coward and treat you like dirt. And you feel dirty too, inside. They'll only do it more, anyway, more and more until you can't stand it any more."

"Let them speak their filthy words," his mother said, twisting her ring on her finger. "They are dirtied by such words, not you."

"But I am dirtied too if I let them speak so of me."

"But you live," his father said. "Is it necessary to care what they think? Do you want them to pay you honor?"

"Yes, I want them to pay me honor," David said stubbornly. "Why shouldn't they? Am I a dog, to be kicked and stoned, and spat on? I am a man!"

His mother smiled at that, but his father's face remained grave, the lines around his eyes cut deep into the skin, the eyes dark in the hollows and tired. "You are a man perhaps but a young one. You do not understand that this honor is their honor and whether you fight

or not, they will kick and stone and spit. And if you fight, they will kill you. Not the first time, maybe, or even the second, but they will kill you sometime."

"Why? Why?"

"Because, my son, their honor is a thing decided with blows and ours is—and yours should also be—an honor which has to do with righteousness."

"If they call us names and beat us then are we not righteous to defend ourselves, to return their —"

"— blows? What does a blow prove, David? That you are right? or that you have a stronger fist?"

His mother began to clear away the dishes, and his father sat quietly, almost sadly, David thought, smoking his little brown cigarettes. He didn't know why the talk had made his father so sad and quiet. His father might be right, but he could not live that way. He could not suffer Banana Nose and Fonzi and the others to think him a coward, nor would he suffer them to abuse him. He would fight for their honor, even if it was only the honor of a fist, and an honor not worth believing in or fighting for. He got up from the table and went into the bedroom. He put on his old leather jacket and his oldest pants. If they fought, he might tear his clothes and it would be better to tear old clothes. His mother would not be so angry then. When he came out of the bedroom, he saw his father staring into a cloud of cigarette smoke that hung about his head and over the whole kitchen table. As David went to the door, his father spoke in English for the first time that evening and said, "Where do you go?"

And David, also speaking in English, replied that he was going out to play. His mother wanted to know if he had homework and when he said he had done it, she warned him to be back before ten o'clock, and then let him go. He closed the door behind him and went down into the street. Outside, the street lamps cast pale yellow spots of light that made the darkness around seem darker. Above, a few scattered grey clouds were like rags of smoke in the sky, and as he walked towards the schoolyard, David remembered how when he was little his mother had told him that the stars were the eyes of God in heaven, always watching you no matter where you were or what you did. Somehow, tonight, the stars seemed very far away and like blind

eyes staring down without knowing and without caring about what went on beneath them.

Nadie Rosen and Maxie Jonas were waiting at the schoolyard. They said hello and he asked for Sonny. Maxie smiled and Nadie said he didn't think Sonny would come. David suggested that they climb the fence and wait inside, and Nadie agreed, saying that the Forty Thieves would probably come from their street. As they got to the top of the fence and were about to go down into the schoolyard, Sonny arrived. "Hey, wait for me," he said, in a hoarse whisper. "I'm coming."

"It's about time," Maxie said.

"What're you shivering and whispering for," Nadie said irritably. "Fonzi got your tongue?"

Sonny climbed over the iron spiked fence and joined them. They walked silently toward the middle of the handball courts where there was a small yellow night light, the only light in the whole darkened schoolyard. As they came up to it, Banana Nose stepped into the circle of light and said, "I didn't think you guys was gonna show up. You tree minutes late." David was surprised to find himself calm. Or was it calm that he felt? It was like a dead circle of cold air in his chest and stomach, but he did not feel shaky. "Dyu bring your boys?" Banana Nose asked.

"Three of them," David said, "but this is between you and me and I don't want them mixing in."

"Yuh mean this is a grudge fight?" Banana Nose seemed surprised. "And yuh ain't gonna let my boys have some fun beatin your gang up?"

"No, just you and me. Who you got with you?"

"Fonzi, Sal, and Petey, same as before."

"Never mind the talk," Fonzi interrupted, sticking his head into the light. "Yuh gonna fight or ain't yuh?"

"Butt out, Fonzi," Banana Nose answered. "Don't you worry. We gonna fight." He turned to David. "We fight in the light and they watch, your boys and mine."

"Okay," David said. He stepped into the light and put his hands up, crouching in the way that Mr. Kay, the gym teacher, had taught him. Banana Nose's arm reached out of the circle of light into the darkness behind him. There was a glint and then the arm came back

into the light and the hand had a knife in it. Banana Nose pressed the spring and the long blade sprang out with a loud click.

"Say, wait a minute," Nadie burst into the light, horrified, "we didn't come for a knife fight."

"Whattsa matta, Nadie, yella?" Fonzi taunted.

"You want Davie to fight Banana Nose bare handed against a knife?" Nadie asked. "He ain't got no knife." He shook his head at David.

"Naw, we give him an even break," Banana Nose said. "Give him your sticker, Petey." There was a moment of fumbling silence and then Petey slid a long pearl-handled knife along the ground into the circle of yellow light. David looked at it, unable to touch it, and Nadie called for time out. He pulled David out of the light, but David couldn't take his eyes off the knife. "You know how to knife fight?" Nadie whispered in his ear. David tried to answer but his throat was dry and tight, and he couldn't, so he shook his head. "Listen," Nadie advised, "keep your left arm up so if he cuts you, he cuts your arm. That's not so bad." David nodded, and began to move back toward the light, his eyes still on the knife. "Don't forget," Nadie hissed his final counsel. "Test the knife to see if it's sharp."

David moved into the circle of light where Banana Nose was waiting. He stopped, picked up the knife, and touched the spring button. The blade leaped out like a live shining thing. He looked around at Fonzi and Sal and Petey whose faces were ghostlike in the shadows behind Banana Nose, and as he did so, he hefted the knife in his open palm, as he had seen them do in the moving pictures. He tried to keep the choking sense of airlessness in him down, but it had spread until he felt his whole body empty except for a dull booming beat in his hands and chest and head that he suddenly knew for the frightened beating of his heart and blood. He looked straight at Banana Nose and the ghostly faces behind him and the words came out of his mouth without his even knowing what he was going to say. "Till one of us is dead."

"Dead?" Banana Nose's voice squeaked.

"Dead," David repeated in a flat voice, and then he said, "Like this," intending to run the knife edge along his thumb to see if it was sharp. But his shaking hands drew the knife deep into the flesh and

the blood welled out of the skin and darkened the brightness of the blade. "Like that," he repeated dully, showing them his hand. All of them looked at the bleeding hand and then Fonzi's voice came out of the dark, high-pitched and screechy, "Madonna, he cut himself!" And then Petey's low, scared, "He gonna kill you, Banana Nose. He crazy brave to cut hisself with that knife. It some sharp knife. I know cause I sharpen it myself."

David lifted his bleeding left hand, palm up, in front of him, crouched, and with the knife in his right hand advanced toward Banana Nose. For a moment, Banana Nose stood staring at him, his face recast from disbelief to terror, when there was the sudden sound of feet running and a shout, "I'm gettin outta here!" that was Fonzi's, and Banana Nose, hearing his friends running away, took one more look at David's hand, his face shifting from hope to despair, before he dropped his knife and ran into the darkness. David stood still crouched, the knife clutched in his wet palm, listening to their running and the sounds of their climbing the fence mingling with the dripping of his blood on the concrete handball courts. It was a moment before anyone spoke. Then Nadie came into the light and said admiringly, "Boy, you got some guts, David. We ain't gonna have no trouble with those guys no more." He bent and picked up Banana Nose's knife. David turned, feeling suddenly shaky in the knees, and handed him the other knife. "Don't you want it?" Nadie asked, surprised. "You sure deserve it." David said nothing. Only he never wanted to see another knife again. "Give it to Sonny or Maxie, whoever wants it," he said, carefully shaping the words to keep them from trembling out of his shaking insides. They walked back and climbed over the fence back on to their street.

There Sonny stopped them and picked up the bleeding hand, and took a clean white handkerchief from his pocket and tied David's hand up with it. For the first time then David felt the pain of the cut. At David's house they all said goodnight, their eyes fixed on the white handkerchief and the slow spreading stain on it. After they had gone, David sat down on the stoop and looked up at the night sky, breathing deeply until he felt the shaking hollowness quiet and fill inside him. He held his hands out in front of him and looked down at Sonny's red-stained handkerchief, feeling his own blood flow out of his flesh and over his palm beneath it.

Then a sudden brightness mounted in his throat and choked him with happiness. He had won! He had fought the Forty Thieves their own way, with the fist and the knife, with *their* honor, and he had won. He wanted to cry out his victory loud and strong, but his voice came out softly and sobbing so that no one would hear him. He would tell them though, his father and his mother and Rebi Greenberg; he was right and they were wrong. He had won! They wouldn't dare to scold him for his cut hand or punish him for fighting now. Like Joshua in the Bible, he had flourished the knife and the Forty Thieves had fallen down before him.

When he came into the house, his mother and father were in the parlor and he could easily have walked into the bedroom without their seeing him, but instead he went into the parlor and stretched out his bloodied hand. For a moment, his parents sat staring at it, not moving. Then his father got up and took him into the bathroom and his mother followed. His father took Sonny's handkerchief off, washed the hand with cold water, and then put iodine on the cut. David felt the sear all the way inside him and the nausea in the pit of his stomach, but he didn't cry out. He would cry out only his victory, not his pain. "It's deep, but it's clean," his father said, as if to himself, while he carefully bandaged the hand, gently, ever so gently, and taped the gauze over. They stood there, the three of them, looking at the bandaged hand, and then his mother picked up Sonny's bloodied handkerchief and wiped the washbasin clean.

"Why don't they say something?" a voice inside him cried. "Why don't they ask me what happened?" David looked at them, standing over him and looking down at the bandaged hand. They thought he had lost! That was it and why they were saying nothing. They believed they were right and he, David, was wrong.

They went back into the kitchen and sat down at the kitchen table in silence, still looking at the hand, until his father lit a cigarette and suggested that they have some tea and jam, and his mother got up to bring it. Well, he would tell them what happened, about the knife and the blood and Banana Nose in the schoolyard. His bloody hand was not a wound, or a defeat: it was a victory! Sitting there, waiting for his mother to bring the tea, David tried to put the battle into words for them, carefully shaping and memorizing them in his mind, as he sometimes did for Rebi Greenberg with his translations of the Bible,

but somehow the words would not stay together and make sense, but kept blurring and being washed over with blood.

David looked at his father's face across the table, serious and remote, and tried to smile, but although he could see that his father was trying to answer with a smile, he couldn't quite manage it. Instead, he reached his big hand over and covered David's white bandaged hand with his own, and blew so much smoke from his quivering nostrils that the table was covered with a little cloud of grey. Then, seeing the pain in his father's face, and the little dancing muscles under the skin, David suddenly knew he hadn't won at all, and it seemed like he had known all along that it was a funny cut with a knife that had fooled and frightened the others. Just like the priests blowing their horns and the walls of Jericho falling down. A fluke, a lucky break. He hadn't beaten anybody, and neither had they. The walls had fallen, just as the Forty Thieves had been chased, by luck, by accident.

Then the memory of Banana Nose and the schoolyard and the circle of light came back to him so he could see the shine of the knives and hear the dripping of his blood on the concrete. No, he reminded himself, not by accident. By luck, but not by accident. He had gone out to fight in the schoolyard and taken the knife in his hands just as the priests had gone out before Jericho and taken the trumpets in theirs.

His mother brought the old tea kettle and put it on the table, its spout steaming. David watched her set out the cups and saucers, and then pour each of them a cup, carefully putting a teaspoonful of prune jelly in first. When she sat down, they stirred the jelly in the cups in unison and David looked at their faces and saw their sad eyes and quiet pursed mouths. He realized then that they too had once gone out to fight, and maybe even won a victory, not the same victory he had won, but one of their own, one that had lasted twice as long as he had lived and more. They'd been trying to tell him about it, trying in their own way to explain how it was, so that he would not have to go out to fight Banana Nose and cut himself to find out. And then, for the first time, he knew their silence for what it was, and he was glad.

He reached for his cup and sipped the tea, but it was too hot and

burned his lips and the roof of his mouth. "It's too hot," he said, not thinking.

"What did you expect it to be?" his mother said.

"Put the cup down," his father said quietly. "If you wait, it will soon be cool enough to drink."

The Ballad of Charlotte

By PHILIP MURRAY

Charlotte decided on Monday morning
To have sight without glasses;
Charlotte decided on Tuesday at noon
To read better and faster;
Charlotte decided on Wednesday night
To listen with her third ear;
Charlotte decided on Thursday at dawn
To face childbirth without fear;
Charlotte decided on Friday at tea
To be slim without hunger;
Charlotte decided on Saturday evening
To look younger, live longer;
But all day Sunday Charlotte cried—
She couldn't decide, she couldn't decide.

PHILIP MURRAY's poetry has appeared widely in big and little magazines.

Some Observations on Changes in Leisure Attitudes

By DAVID RIESMAN

> . . . our sole delight was play; and for this we were punished by those who yet themselves were doing the like. But elder folks' idleness is called "business"; that of boys, being really the same, is punished by those elders; and none commiserates either boys or men. For will any of sound discretion approve of my being beaten as a boy, because, by playing at ball, I made less progress in studies which I was to learn, only that, as a man, I might play more unbeseemingly? and what else did he who beat me? who, if worsted in some trifling discussion with his fellow-tutor, was more embittered and jealous than I when beaten at ball by a playfellow?
>
> —*The Confessions of St. Augustine*

TEN YEARS AGO, I sat as a member of an international committee engaged in drawing up a Bill of Rights to be presented to some presumptive postwar agency. Among the rights proposed was one stating that all men and women had a right to "reasonable leisure," and that it was the duty of governments to make this right effective. In the ensuing debate, this was dubbed (by a Harvard professor) "Riesman's freedom from work" amendment, and, though the amendment carried, many of the hard-working delegates regarded it as a concession to the modern cult of effortlessness. Others thought the issue irrelevant, on the ground that, until the right to work was secure, the right to leisure could wait. This was my first introduction to the discovery that many people are uncomfortable when discussing leisure: as with sex, they want to make a joke of it. And there is no doubt that most of us feel vulnerable in a milieu that increasingly asks us whether we are good players as well as good workers—a problem St. Augus-

---

This article is developed from a lecture, July 17, 1952 delivered at the Harvard Summer School under the auspices of the School of Education. Author of *The Lonely Crowd* and *Faces in the Crowd*, DAVID RIESMAN is Professor of the Social Sciences in the College of the University of Chicago and is a member of the Committee on Human Development at the University.

tine's serious-minded, self-deceiving elders do not appear to have faced. For us, at any rate, there is nothing easy about effortlessness. I want here to trace some of the sources of vulnerability.

I

In his novel, *The Bostonians*, written about seventy-five years ago, Henry James describes a week that his hero, Basil Ransom, passed at Provincetown on the Cape. He smoked cigars; he wandered footloose to the wharves; perhaps he read an occasional book; it does not appear that he swam. He was, *pro tem*, a "gentleman of leisure." It may be that a few fossils of the species are preserved in the Athenaeum, but I rather doubt if they can be found in Provincetown today. At least my impression is that people who go to such places for the summer appear to lead strenuously artsy and craftsy lives: even if they lie on the beach, they are getting a competitively handsome tan, but most of the time they appear to be playing energetic tennis, taking exhausting walks, entertaining children and guests by that mixture of grit, insects, and tomatoes known as a picnic; and in the evening attending lectures, the experimental theatre, and colloquia in private houses. While they may be less systematically engaged than many students in laying by credits, they are gainfully improving themselves in body and mind; and, perhaps unlike many students, they are subject to the additional strain of having to feel and to claim that they are having a good time, being victims of that new form of Puritanism which Martha Wolfenstein and Nathan Leites in their book *Movies* have termed "fun-morality."

All this in a country in which the average industrial work-week has declined from 64 hours in Henry James' day to around 40 in ours, not including the mid-morning coffee break and the other sociabilities which have crept into the hours which the census registers as working ones. We are in the ambivalent position described by Lynn White, Jr., President of Mills College, commenting on a roundtable on "leisure and human values in industrial civilization" of which he was chairman at the Corning Conference a year ago:

> We said, "Ha, ha, I have no leisure; why am I involved in this?" It was a sense of guilt and, at the same time, a sense of pride. In other words, we feel leisure is a cultural value. Theoretically we would rather like to parti-

> cipate in it, but we are sort of proud that we are such responsible members of society that we really have no time for leisure.[1]

Our responsibility extends, in fact, to a concern for how other people —our children, our pupils, our union members, the community at large—are spending their leisure. In fact, those of us who are in the education industry and its allies, such as the library industry, have developed quite substantial interests—vested interests—in other people's leisure. We see their loose time, as others see their loose change, as our problem and our responsibility. This is, I suggest, one reason why the "gentleman of leisure," whose portrait Thorstein Veblen drew so sardonically in the '90's, is obsolete today. Instead, we are all of us—that is, almost all—members of the leisure class, and face its problems. As Eric Larrabee pointed out at Corning, the expansion of the leisure "market" has brought "friction" in its wake.

It is, of course, characteristic of American life that our bonanzas, our windfalls, whether treasures of the soil or treasures of the self, have been interpreted by the most sensitive and responsible among us as problems. I'm not sure but that the hue and cry against Puritanism isn't beginning to be overdone, and that we won't come to realize that our moral seriousness—in fact, our fun-morality—is not wholly negative. At the Corning Conference, the Wellesley-educated Hindu author, Miss Santha Rama Rau, scolded us; she commented:

> I am wondering why leisure is a problem at all. Surely, nowhere else in the world do people fuss about what to do with their spare time. I think it is rather sad that some kind of guilt has been built up in this particular society so that people feel that they should be productive in their spare time. . . . What is wrong with lying on the beach and relaxing?

I suppose one, perhaps unfair, answer to her is to be found in the six- and seven-year old Indian children standing guard over their families' fields all night long, lest a sacred bull trample the crops down and leave the family to starve. It is Puritanism that, in considerable part, has brought us to the point where leisure is or can become a problem for the vast majority. In fact, so great is the sheer quantity of our available leisure and leisure resources, that I do not think we can find very helpful models in other countries.

Recent reading and reflection, and discussion with Mark Benney

---

[1]For this and later quotations, see *Creating an Industrial Civilization: A Report on the Corning Conference*, Eugene Staley, ed., Harper, 1952. I have drawn on the materials prepared for this conference by Reuel Denney and myself.

of the London School of Economics (now visiting lecturer at the University of Chicago), has convinced me that this is true enough, at any rate, for England, from which we once derived our working model of the gentleman of leisure, and from which, too, I suspect the Hindu aristocrats such as Miss Rama Rau have learned more than they will admit. The English remain torn between the aristocratic leisure pattern, which is rural, sportsmanlike, casual, and on the edge of such quasi-criminal activities as cock-fighting, and the middle-class leisure pattern, dating from the sobersides of the Puritan revolution, which is urban, uplifting, strenuous. (The urban working-class pattern, as represented in the London music hall and a vivid "street culture," is pretty much dying out.) A recent extensive survey by Seebohm Rowntree and G. R. Lavers, entitled *English Life and Leisure*, was evidence to me that the English today on the whole know even less than we how to spend leisure—that there is a sameness and lack of imagination about their pastimes and pursuits. The English aristocrats with their natural allies, the lower class, have won the day in the sense that the Victorian middle-class morality appears to be almost dead in England, and sexual intimacy seems the chief leisure resort after puberty. But while the young people are uninhibited, they are not joyful. They have to watch every penny they spend on liquor, but again seem to take no great pleasure in it. They gamble, but often with desperation. The truth is that they can no longer afford the aristocratic vices which are now, with the decline of religious sanctions, psychologically available to them. And the middle-class values of self-improvement are still strong enough so that many are dissatisfied with the aimlessness of their lives; I recall one young middle-class girl, for instance, who told the interviewer that she slept with young men who asked her to, but wished she could find something better to do.

What, then, do Rowntree and Lavers, who are distinguished students of English social life, recommend? They plug the old middle-class model, only more of it. After touring the Scandinavian countries to study leisure practices there, they urge more folk-dancing, more hobbies, more adult education, better books—and, I need hardly add, fewer Hollywood movies.

In fact, their attitude towards Hollywood may be regarded as symptomatic of the attitude of a great many students of leisure—"recreationists" perhaps we'd better call them—here and abroad. In

their view, Hollywood is a source of disruptive leisure patterns, of vulgarity, spendthrift living, and false values generally. You know the indictment, I'm sure—an indictment which includes most of our popular culture, radio, TV, and bestsellers as well. Rowntree and Lavers put themselves up, as many school officials have, as angry competitors with this commercial popular culture, waging a losing fight. If they can offer nothing better, I am afraid that both the old aristocratic pattern, which is too expensive, and the old middle-class pattern, which is too didactic, will evaporate from England, leaving nothing of much quality to take their place.[2]

II

Now it is my opinion that Hollywood movies not only are often shoddy but are often profoundly liberating and creative products of the human imagination. And I am not referring to so-called "message" films, pleas for better race relations or labor relations. I refer rather to such films as *The Asphalt Jungle*, or *All About Eve*, or *An American in Paris*, or *The Marrying Kind*, or *The Great Gatsby*, and many others without any patent social message; some successful, some not; movies which take us out of ourselves or force us back in; movies which open a window on life, and movies which exhibit a nightmarish fantasy. If English leisure is sterile and mean-spirited, I doubt if such movies have made it so. Rather, I think English, and American life also, would be enriched if people learned to understand and appreciate the movies, and could enjoy them in the spirit, at once critical and friendly, with which people at different times and places have enjoyed literature. The thought occurred to me some years ago that our schools and colleges, and particularly our altogether too pious adult education ventures, might begin experimenting with courses on movie appreciation, and popular culture appreciation generally—a movement which would require us to develop something we have not yet got in this country: a corps of gifted movie and radio and TV critics. The beginnings are evident in the work of John Crosby, for instance; what is

---

[2]Mr. Benney believes that English leisure is not quite so dreary as this book indicates: the interviewers seem to concentrate on the activities that shock them and, indeed, to encounter a high proportion of rather sad and isolated people; moreover, nothing appears in the book about such gregarious leisure pursuits as political meetings and dart matches in the pubs.

lacking is any program for developing such critics, operating in the different media and at different levels of irony and sensibility. I argued that such a program might help close the gap which now separates the literary culture of the schools—the culture which such men as Rowntree and Lavers narrowly regard as the only true and genuine culture —from the popular culture of RKO and CBS.

I argued too that such a program might help us get rid once and for all of the current distinction between active and passive recreations —"active" being such things as sports, hobbies, and square dancing, and "passive" such things as movie-going, TV-watching, and other things parents and teachers wish their children wouldn't do.* For I am convinced that this is not a real distinction: much leisure which appears to be active may be merely muscular: its lactic acid content is high, but there may be little other content, or contentment. And conversely, such supposedly passive pursuits as movie-going can obviously be the most intense experience, the most participative. Indeed, Hollywood movies could hardly corrupt England and Europe if they were as passive and as pacifying as is charged! And so I wanted to teach people to enjoy the movies as participants in a fine performance, and not merely as a place to neck, to eat popcorn, or to pass the time out of the old folks' reach. In fact, I was particularly eager to develop courses just for the old folks in the understanding of popular culture, thinking in this way not only to open up to them a wide range of imaginative experience but also of helping to close the gap which separates the young, who have been raised with movies, comics, radio, and now TV, from the old who have come to them late if at all, often without the linguistic and emotional vocabularies necessary for their understanding.

But now I am not so sure that the problem I have in mind can be solved by courses, or possibly by any sort of conscious social program. I vividly recall my experience a few years ago when, asked to talk informally at a men's dormitory at the University of Chicago, I chose the movies as my topic, and started to say some things about the contemporary tendency among educated Americans to regard the

---

**Editor's note:* Would Mr. Riesman also include reading here? Though most parents and teachers do not seem to frown on that "activity," there is an underground coldness toward it in many schools, apparently because it is "passive" and solitary.

movies as "just a show," to be "taken in" when one has nothing better at hand. I was talking to an audience most of whom devoutly believed that Hollywood movies other than Chaplin and the early Griffith are without exception junk, and that only England, France, and Italy make movies seriously worth seeing. I was trying to rebut this prejudice by saying something about the differing film conventions on the Continent and in this country: how, for example, we had had a convention of a happy ending which our more arty directors were now tending to exchange for an equally conventional, though Continental, unhappy ending, and that no necessary superiority lay in one convention rather than another, any more than in one sonnet form rather than another. Likewise, I sought to show how the undoubted inanities of the Production Code often resulted in a movie treatment—the so-called Lubitsch touch, for instance—which was a creative surmounting of the constricting forms. And then suddenly I stopped in the middle of my lecture, and for a while could not continue.

For I had realized, as I looked at the intent faces of the students, that I might well be engaged in closing off one of the few casual and free escape routes remaining to them; that I might be helping to inaugurate a new convention: namely, that one had not only to attend Hollywood movies but to understand and appreciate them. I might be imposing on a group of students already zealously engaged in self-improvement, in social and intellectual mobility, still another requirement—and this in the very act of seeking to liberate them from a common prejudice against American movies. I could continue my lecture only after I had made some of these misgivings explicit, and had indicated that I came to offer some of them an opportunity, not another extra-curricular curriculum.

I realized the problem here was not so much *mine* of becoming a possible taste-leader, as it was one for the students who were looking for such leadership, if not from me, then from somebody. Contrary to the situation in my own undergraduate days, when we were, at least for external consumption, stoutly individualistic, these students were more malleable, more ready to be told. One reason for this is that the general level of teaching has improved, despite all the attacks currently being made against our educational system. Not only has the teaching improved, but the teachers have changed their pace and style; we try to get close to our students, to be good group leaders rather than plat-

form ham actors, and to concern ourselves with more aspects of student life than simply classroom performance. We are perhaps today less distant from the student than we once were, both in terms of social class position and in terms of intellectual attitude. Involved in these institutional changes are psychological ones, some of which my collaborators and I have sought to describe in *The Lonely Crowd*—changes which have led to the spread of a character type I have termed "other-directed," a type guided by the ever-shifting judgments of significant people within one's purview at any given moment, as against the older type, the "inner-directed," more steadily although not necessarily more nobly guided by the internalized voices of ancestors. The students I was talking to, being in the main other-directed, were ready to shift their leisure behavior at a moment's notice; they had learned to do so in playing the popularity game which starts in kindergarten or shortly thereafter. I could envisage a group of them going to a Sam Goldwyn movie and, coming out, being very self-conscious as to how they ought to respond to it, whereas earlier they would have gone to it with the excuse that they needed to relax a bit before hitting the books again. Since so much of their leisure was already highly self-conscious, I hesitated to add to the burden. All planning for other people's leisure has to face this fundamental ambiguity, a form of the ever-present problem of the unintended consequence.

To be sure, leisure is a burden of the sort I am describing only among the educated, among the great many high school and college graduates who have some aspirations towards culture; men and women who, in the absence of any visible aristocratic model of leisure in American life, look to their fellows for clues, look to the magazines and the press, and the "how to" books. For the working class, there is leisure now too, and often money to spend, but it is not usually a burden, not perhaps a burden enough. Hunting and fishing and bowling; puttering about the house, garden, or car; watching television with and without discrimination; playing the numbers—these are recreations, not so very different from those turned up by Rowntree and Lavers in England, which my students have observed among steelworkers in Hammond and Gary. To be sure, there is considerable aspiration towards improved taste on the part of some of the younger wives, who read the women's service magazines. And the unions make sporadic efforts to give political education to the men; you will hardly be sur-

prised to hear that some of the leaders blame the mass media for seducing the rank and file away from meetings—a charge which Mark Starr, educational director of the Ladies Garment Workers' Union, leveled at David Sarnoff of NBC at the Corning Roundtable. I think the charge is quite unjust, for I see no reason why people should spend their leisure in political activity unless that is their form of sport and they enjoy it, save in those cases where conditions are really so terrible that every good man has to come to the aid of the party—and, contrary to what is so widely urged, I believe such conditions are rare in this country.

One reason why the steel workers have so few problems with their leisure is that their work today is itself often quite leisurely and gregarious. It was not like that even thirty years ago when, as we know, there were ten- and twelve-hour shifts, and when the work was so hot and heavy that many men, on returning home, lay exhausted on the kitchen floor before they could get the energy to eat, and tumble into bed. Now at the big sheet and tube mill in Gary the men often take naps on mattresses they have brought in, and cook meals on burners attached to the fiery furnaces; if a new foreman doesn't like the practice, production is slowed down until he does like it. Think here, too, of the extent to which the schools train young people in this kind of comradely slow-down against the teachers and against the system generally, so that I sometimes think of school teachers as foremen who conspire with their pupils, the workers, to conceal the true state of affairs from top management, the principals, and from the parents who are the absentee stockholders, who grouse now and again about their dividends. At any rate, since work has now become so relatively lacking in strain—though it is not nearly so routinized in feeling as it may seem to be to observers of factory life—the worker leaves the plant with a good deal of energy left, which carries him readily through his leisure hours.

By contrast, the professional and business person is apt to leave his work with a good many tensions created by his reactions to interpersonal situations and as a result his leisure "needs" may have to be satisfied before he can rise above the level of needs—before he can rise from the level of re-creation to the level of creation. But it is just this very person on whom fall most of the demands for participative, active, constructive leisure which we have been examining earlier; and

he may move from a job, where he is constantly faced with others and their expectations, to leisure pursuits, again in the company of others, where workmanlike performance is also expected of him. While he may nominally have a short work-week—though in many middle-class occupations such as medicine and teaching, hours are as long or longer than ever—he has not got much time which is not filled with stress. As my colleague, Nelson Foote, likes to put it, he has very little reverie as a balance to his sociability.

III

Let us look at a concrete example. A friend and former colleague, Professor John R. Seeley, is now engaged in directing a large research project on the relations between school and community in a wealthy, upper-middle-class suburb. It is a suburb which has one of the finest public school systems on this continent, one which is often held up as a model to others; in fact, the magnificent new modern high school dominates the community, even physically, as the cathedrals did in the Middle Ages. The very fact that this elaborate research is going on there—it is to take a period of at least five years before any final conclusions are reached—is indicative of the alertness of the school officials, the school board, and the other community leaders. Yet, from my own very limited observation and from what has been reported to me, it is plain that the community, despite all material advantages, is not happy. The parents have neuroses; the children have allergies; and the teachers—well, I don't know. What has gone wrong?

If we follow the life of the children after school, we can perhaps get some clues. They are being prepared now for their later careers and their later rather hypothetical leisure. Their parents want to know how they have fared at school: they are constantly comparing them, judging them in school aptitude, popularity, what part they have in the school play; are the boys sissies? the girls too fat? All the school anxieties are transferred to the home and vice versa, partly because the parents, college graduates mostly, are intelligent and concerned with education. After school there are music lessons, skating lessons, riding lessons, with mother as chauffeur and scheduler. In the evening, the children go to a dance at school for which the parents have groomed them, while the parents go to a PTA meeting for which the children, directly or indirectly, have groomed *them*, where they are

addressed by a psychiatrist who advises them to be warm and relaxed in handling their children! They go home and eagerly and warmly ask their returning children to tell them everything that happened at the dance, making it clear by their manner that they are sophisticated and cannot easily be shocked. As Professor Seeley describes matters, the school in this community operates a "gigantic factory for the production of relationships."

Since, moreover, the same interpersonal concerns dominate life within this "plant" and outside it, there is no sharp change of pace between work and play, between school and home activities. The children and their mothers—the fathers who work in the city at least make a geographical shift and also something of an emotional one—are characterized by a pervading anxiety. This is connected, I think, with the fact that the older, clear goals of achievement have been called into question, and these family units must decide not only how to get what they want but also what it is they should want. To answer this question, the community makes much use of professionals—the school principals and teachers themselves, who have a very high standing; child guidance experts and mental hygienists; and the packaged professionalism which can be bought in books or over the radio. The result is a well-known paradox: here is a suburb devoted to the arts of consumption and leisure, where these arts are pursued with such dogged determination that leisureliness as a quality of life is very largely absent. While all the appurtenances of variety are present, life is monotonous in the sense that it is steadily gregarious, focussed on others, and on the self in relation to others. As I have observed among some students, at Harvard and elsewhere, even casualness can be an effortful artifact.

IV

Yet it is all too easy to deride these parents and children and assorted experts, to urge them—as some people are now doing in the anti-progressive education movement—to drop all this new-fangled nonsense and get back to hard work and traditional curricula and nineteenth century or classical "values" generally. It is perhaps not surprising that both aristocratic and working-class stances towards leisure combine in this derision. When, for example, this suburban community was recently discussed in my seminar on leisure, many

people, both faculty and students, took the position that what these suburbanites needed was more direct and uninhibited aggression, more toughness and less talkiness. They compared the community unfavorably to a working-class community where, for reasons I indicated a moment ago, leisure is undoubtedly more casually dealt with. What they admired was aristocratic or artisan insouciance, as against upper-middle-class anxiety and preoccupation. Yet I do not know by what standard of value one prefers a broken nose to asthma, or lumbago or gout to ulcers. There is no doubt that the suburb in question, and others like it, is anxious and vulnerable, individually and collectively; otherwise, it would not be quite so receptive to a team of researchers. But I think that overadmiration for toughness is part of a romance which the middle class, in Europe as well as in America, has been carrying on with the lower class for a good many years now. Like the romance which many anthropologists have been carrying on with preliterate tribes, or many historians and philosophers and literary men with the Middle Ages, it narrows our sympathy for the problems of contemporary life and our awareness of the values which may, underneath anxiety and awkwardness, currently be emerging in it.

Thus, I think we can look at the people of this suburb rather differently from the way I have been doing so far, or from the way my seminar reacted to them. We can see them, for one thing, as explorers. Whereas the explorers of the last century moved to the frontiers of production and opened fisheries, mines, and mills, the explorers of this century seem to me increasingly to be moving to the frontiers of consumption. They are opening up new forms of interpersonal understanding, new ways of using the home as a "plant" for leisure, new ways of using the school as a kind of community center, as the chapel of a secular religion perhaps. But frontier towns are not usually very attractive. And frontier behavior is awkward: people have not yet learned to behave comfortably in the new surroundings. There is formlessness, which takes the shape of lawlessness on the frontier of production and of aimlessness on the frontier of consumption. In both instances, the solid citizens who stayed home are likely to feel superior, both to the formlessness and to whatever may be emerging from it, just as most Europeans of the educated strata have felt superior to most aspects of America throughout most of our history. The move to the suburb, as it occurs in contemporary America, is emotionally,

if not geographically, something almost unprecedented historically; and those who move to any new frontier are likely to pay a price, in loneliness and discomfort. When the physical hardships are great, as they were for earlier generations of pioneers, the psychological hardships may be repressed or submerged—though we cannot be too sure even of that, for, as Oscar Handlin makes clear in his book on immigration to America, *The Uprooted*, the most devastating strains on the newcomers were in fact the emotional ones, rough though the physical conditions were.

To carry my analogy further, I do believe that discoveries are being made on the frontiers of consumption. Take the American diet, for instance. Once upon a time, and still in many quarters, this was in charge of the nutritionists, the exponents of a balanced meal, adequate caloric intake and colonic outlet, and plenty of vitamins. These good people bore the same relation to food that recreationists do to leisure: they want it to be uplifting, salubrious, wasteless. But now, among the better income strata at any rate, their work is done: it is incorporated into the formulae of bakers, into the inventories of chainstores, the menus of restaurants and dining cars. We have, as I sometimes like to put it, moved from the wheat bowl to the salad bowl. In consequence, in the suburb I have been describing, and elsewhere throughout the country, there is an emphasis, which was once confined to small sophisticated or expatriate circles, on having the right responses to food, on being a gourmet. Save for a few cranks, the housewives are not concerned with having enough wheat-germ, but with having enough oregano, or the right wine—and more than that, with having the right enjoyment of the wine. In the middle of the shopping center in this suburb is a store which stocks a stupendous array of delicacies, spices, patisseries, delicatessens, and European gadgets for cooking; the casserole replacing the melting pot!

Now, as I have indicated, the residents of this suburb are anxious about food and their attitudes towards it. They want to be knowledgeable about it and also to enjoy it, but they are not yet easygoing in the matter. Among men particularly, the demand that one must enjoy food, and not simply stow it away, is relatively new, and again these pioneers are awkwardly self-conscious. (Let me make clear in passing that I am not talking about old-fashioned conspicuous consumption. I am not talking about the hostess' fear of making a gastronomic *faux*

pas, or fear that her children's table manners will disgrace her; no doubt these fears may still exist, although greatly muted, in the group I am describing. No, these parents are afraid that they are missing some taste experience, which in turn reveals the lack of a basic personality attribute.) We are observing these families, it appears, in a time of transition, when they have left old food-conventions behind and are exploring, without settling on, new ones. They are, in effect, paying the society's costs of research and development.

And can there be any doubt but that the result will be—in fact, has already been—an addition to the stock of American leisure bounties and benefits? The self-service supermarket, with its abundance of foods capably displayed, where the shopper's caprice and imagination can roam without interference from officious clerks or sabotage from indifferent ones, seems to me as significant an invention on the side of consumption as the assembly-line on the side of production. But the invention would be meaningless without a "labor force," without a group of experimentalist families prepared to develop new casuistries of food, new combinations of color and taste. And here enters still another service industry: the cookbook and recipe industry, which has ransacked the world's cuisines and produced a host of books and newspaper columns, as well as those restaurants which serve as pilot plants. I think there can be no doubt that the children of the children now growing up in our demonstration suburb will be reasonably free of fears, guilts, and awkwardness about food prepared as a matter of course for the pursuit of happiness in this area of existence. In fact, I see only one caveat: the return of the nutritionist ghost in the craze for reducing, which makes not only women but men choose between food and figure, with one eye on mortality tables and the other on the way one appears in the hall of mirrors which is society. Even so, the reduced diets on which these figure-chasers bravely live are, item for item, unquestionably superior to anything known before in the American provender—which a generation ago made our food, like our bootlegging, an international joke. Moreover, the cult of one's figure, as of one's dress and one's coiffeure, is certainly not an illegitimate one for one's happiness and aesthetic sense.

I could, if there were space, go through a number of areas of current pioneering in leisure—in the fields of music, painting, and literature; in the whole subtle field of sociability and conversation; in sports;

in the changing style of vacations—and show how the pioneers are paying in financial and emotional outlay, and particularly in anxiety, the exploitation costs of their discoveries—without, however, the offset of the depletion allowance which the federal government allows to the wildcatters for oil and gas. I have already raised the question of whether our intellectual and literary culture is not too severe and derisive about the middle-class vice of anxiousness, compared with its benign tolerance for the aristocratic and lower-class vices of brutality and indifference. Such very general questions of value judgment are of great importance in determining contemporary attitudes towards leisure. I think, for example, that we make life and leisure harder for the already anxious person—whose anxiety is in fact thoroughly understandable in the light of our discussion so far—by making him also anxious about his anxiety, so that we heap on him a cumulative burden. Like the college student who came to see me not long ago, worried because she had a few of the sexual inhibitions she would have been worried about not having a generation ago, teachers also feel it compulsory not to be anxious, but to be always easygoing, warm, and relaxed—what a burden this puts on teachers in the better public and private schools!—whereas lack of discipline and firmness would have worried teachers in an earlier day. I am inclined to think we should form a union of the anxious ones, to defend our right to be anxious, our right to be tense, our right to aspirin and to our allergies. I was shocked when one of my colleagues remarked, after our seminar had had a description of life in the surburb I have here used as a case, that children were worse off there than they had been under the *ancien régime*. Historical amnesia had blinded him, as it blinds many now-fashionable critics of progressive education, to the brutalities and savageries in the treatment of children a hundred years or so ago. Then children were harnessed to the engine of society with often little concern for their own development. Many were too frightened or too cowed to be anxious; anxiety is on the whole a luxury and a sign of luxury. I urged my condescending colleague to read some nineteenth-century memoirs, to read *Father and Son*, Edmund Gosse's recollections of his awed and prayer-filled but rarely playful childhood; to read *The Way of All Flesh*, or Dickens, or the reports of health

commissioners.[8] I have myself no doubt that the work of such reformers as Ellen Key ("The Century of the Child"), Lucy Sprague Mitchell and of course John Dewey, has been a very great advance.

V

But at the same time, I think one implication of all I have had to say so far is that every social advance is ambivalent in its consequences. I have stressed as much as I have the conflicts in our attitudes towards the proper use of leisure, and the kind of training children should get with their later lives of leisure in mind, because I feel that a recognition of ambiguity at the very heart of our problem is a first step towards perspective and a certain necessary detachment. I can't emphasize enough how rapidly our country is changing, and how hard it is even for the wisest among us to grasp what is going on.

Let me give just two illustrations; I am sure there are others. Recently a friend of mine who works for one of the pocket book companies visited an Ohio Valley city of about 75,000. There is no bookstore in the town, but a few books are kept, along with stationery and oddments, in the main department store. My friend asked at the department store why they didn't put in a real bookstore, and was told, "Well, this is a steel town. People here don't read; they just look at television or go to the taverns." Yet over three-quarters of a million pocket books were sold in this same town in 1951 at restaurants, at newsstands and in drugstores, many of them in the Mentor line of modern classics. This is well over a book a month for those old enough to read. I wish we had some knowledge and understanding of what these citizens made out of all they read: the Faulkner novels, the Conant *On Understanding Science*, the Ruth Benedict *Patterns of Culture*, along with the Mickey Spillane and other mixtures of sadism with sex. But studies of this kind in the field of leisure have not yet been made, as far as I know.

I draw my other illustration of the laggard state of our knowledge

---

[8]Stephen Spender's remarkable novel, *The Backward Son*, and George Orwell's account of his schooldays, "Such, Such Were the Joys" (which appeared in *Partisan Review* since the above was written), can remind us that even a generation ago the English public school could still treat the sensitive young with ferocious bullying. Likewise, the fictional hero of Salinger's *Catcher in the Rye* might have profited from some of the humaneness and sensitivity introduced by the now maligned progressivists.

even of the basic data from an article by Gian-Carlo Menotti which appeared in a recent issue of the New York *Times Sunday Magazine*. As you know, Menotti is a gifted and widely hailed young composer who, after some twenty years residence here, considers himself an American. He was complaining about the precarious position of the creative artist in American life, particularly in the field of music. There, he points out, we bestow all our adulation on the performer: the glamorous conductor or singer, the Menuhin or Serkin or Reginald Kell, who interprets music but does not create it, while the modern composer, unless he writes for the movies or gets some help from a foundation or a rich wife, will starve (as Bela Bartok did)—and is certainly not in any case featured in the billing along with the star performers. And he goes on to say that many parents in America are ashamed if their sons choose an artistic career; not only do they fear they will not make a living—even if they (the parents) could afford to support them—but fear, too, that they will be sissies; fathers try to force their sons to become businessmen or doctors or something else equally reassuring. Now I am sure that Menotti has a very good case about the plight of the composer, who seems so much worse off than the painter or writer, having more impresarios standing between him and his public. However, it seems to me that Menotti does not take account of the rapid and widespread change which has been going on in just the attitudes he is attacking. Through amateur chamber music groups and through the fabulous growth of the long-playing record industry, many thousands of Americans are today discovering modern music with a rush, just as they are discovering wine and other pleasures that were once confined to a small cultivated indigenous group and a somewhat larger group of immigrants who brought this culture with them from the old country. Likewise, it seems to me unlikely that millions of middle-class parents would not in 1952 be pleased if their sons exhibited artistic gifts and interests, even if not commercially promising. Many businessman fathers want their sons to be anything but businessmen, and in some circles it is business that is unduly looked down upon today, not art. When I said as much, however, at the Corning Conference, Miss Rama Rau and others said I was mistaken: parents would only accept art if it was advertised in *Life* magazine. But Millard Sheets, the painter, pointed out that the third highest group of students under the GI bill studied art. I would

be greatly interested in comments on this topic, for I feel that here again we simply do not know.[4]

VI

So far we have been looking at our culture from inside. We have asked ourselves some questions about what is going on, about what attitudes are prevalent towards it, what models of competent use of leisure exist, what differences there are among different social strata, and so on. But there is another way of going at our problem which is to ask, not what play and leisure are like, or were like, in our culture but what they are like in any culture. Is there, for instance, any natural or biological basis for leisure or is it entirely conventional? *Homo Ludens*, a book by the late Dutch scholar Huizinga, offers some interesting clues to this. Huizinga points out that every language he examined had a word for play which is different from the word for work, and that many cultures have a pattern of sport, of noneconomic serious and yet playful competition. Many if not all cultures, moreover, operate on a periodic or seasonal rhythm between heavy work and heavy play—and I might add that many societies also have feasts even if they do not suffer from famines. That there is a cross-cultural solidarity of play may be indicated by a well-known example. Our Army advised soldiers and aviators to always carry a piece of string with them and when downed in a Pacific jungle to start playing cat's cradle if a suspicious native approached; the native would sometimes start to play, too.

All this must rest on something basic in the biological substratum of man and many animals. We know of course that children play even without instruction, provided certain basic minima of security are met. Thus, while children's play has aspects of artifice which the ever-

---

[4]In discussion, and in correspondence, it was argued that parents will now often accept art as a glamorous stairway to quick success, but that this makes it even harder than earlier for a youngster whose interest in art cannot be readily commercialized: his parents are impatient with him, not because he is an artist or composer—which would lead to a total break and a relatively good conscience on the artist's part—but because, being in a glamorous field, he has not made his way; since the youngster in part also wants success, he finds it harder to cut himself off from his parents' values and anxieties. For thoughtful discussion of this problem, and a critique of the art schools which cash in on this craving for success, see Lyman Bryson, *The Next America* (Harper, 1952), pp. 126 *et seq.*

renewed child's culture elaborates, much of it is simply given. In fact, work and play are not yet, for the child, independently organized; and what he makes of play as he develops depends to a very considerable extent on the society's interpretation of his play—is it regarded as "child's play," as useless, as preparation for life, or is it disregarded?

I think we can say, indeed, that the child's play serves as the principal model for all later efforts to free leisure time from its burdens and to cope with its puzzling ambiguities. We all of us know, if we think about it, that children's play is by no means always free and spontaneous; it is often filled with terror and morbidity; but at its best it is surely one of the unequivocally good things of this earth, and no wonder we try to recapture it as Paradise Lost. But if we look closely at children's play we can observe something else which may even give us a clue as to how that recapture can, in part, be achieved, namely that the child's greatest satisfaction appears to arise from experiences of mastery and control. As Erik H. Erikson has noted in imaginative detail, the developing body itself provides a graded set of experiences; anyone can observe this who watches children play with their newfound mastery of walking or running or talking or diving. Play seems to reside in a margin, often a narrow one, between tasks which are too demanding, and those which are not demanding enough to require the excited concentration of good play. A child or adult who is simply going through the motions is not engaged in play or leisure as we have been talking about it here, however the society may define it. But without some social forms for leisure and play, forms which have to be broken through, yet have to be there to be broken through, I do not think we will have much play either. For the demand that play be constantly spontaneous, unchanneled by social forms, is too overwhelming; spontaneity, as we have already seen, is lost if we strive too hard for it. Thus, play would seem to consist in part of giving ourselves tasks, useless in any immediate sense, which challenge us but do not overwhelm us—tasks which allow us to practice our skills on the universe when not too much is at stake. Some of us, who lose this ability in our waking lives, retain it (as Erich Fromm points out in *The Forgotten Language*) in our dreams, which can be astonishingly witty, brilliant, and artistic—an indication, perhaps, of the child still buried within us, not so much in Freud's sense of the vicious child

but rather of the child natively gifted with the capacity for imaginative play.

I have spoken of mastery of tasks, but I do not want to be understood as implying that this necessarily means physical activity—that is only one example. The child in the front of a subway train who intently watches the motorman, the signals, and the tracks may be quiet, but is undoubtedly playing, and may be playing very well—a point Reuel Denney eloquently voiced at the Corning Conference. When we speak of "role-playing," we should have something of this sort of vicariousness in mind. And this leads me to the complicating point that many of our workaday tasks as adults can be handled with a certain quality of leisure if we are able to regard work as a series of challenging tasks to be mastered, where the net of expectations surrounding us is at the same time not too frightening. On the other hand, we can be playful at work as a way of *evading* demands, sometimes by being one of the boys, pretending to ourselves and others that, if we really worked, we would get to the top. Students often play such games with themselves. But this is not really carrying out in adult life the effort at competence which is our lesson learned from the play of the child. That requires that we work at the top of our bent, while at the same time enjoying the very processes of accomplishment—enjoying our awareness, for example, of all that is going on in a classroom; enjoying our understanding of a technical problem; enjoying ourselves, in other words, as functioning and effective human beings.

We get here, it is apparent, into very deep waters indeed, where the boundaries between work and play become shadowy—as I think, for other reasons, they are tending to become in our society anyway—waters where we are looking for a quality we can only vaguely describe: it is various and rhythmical; it breaks through social forms and as constantly recreates them; it manifests itself in tension, yet not too much of it; it is at once meaningful, in the sense of giving us intrinsic satisfaction, and meaningless, in the sense of having no pressing utilitarian purpose. It is some such model as this, I suggest, which haunts us when we consider leisure and judge its quality in ourselves and others. It is a model which has been elaborated in our culture, and yet which transcends culture.

Beyond the Kindly Shores

By F. Emerson Andrews

i

"Of hell and heaven, as I saw them both
Five years ago, when I was briefly dead,
I'll tell you now, if you can hear. Not all
With ears can hear."

We laughed at him, and drew
Our four chairs up. If one abstemious glass
Of California sherry, medium grade,
Could open such wide gates, why not peer through?
John Lightwood I have known for forty years,
From moody, pimpled boy to sallow man
Who flashed like an uncommon comet on
The advertising sky, which is a sky
Where comets are the ordinary thing.
The Lightwood comet was uncommon on
Two counts: its brilliancy, and the strange fact
That just when every naked eye could see
Here was a comet of first magnitude,
The cometeer extinguished it; retired
To an obscure existence where he saw
A few friends only, and those few — of whom
We four were chief — not often.

Why he chose
A quartet quite so strange, I do not guess,
Unless John Lightwood loves variety.
Marie Frenault is young and French, and has
Flirtatious eyebrows; her antithesis,

In addition to his studies in philanthropy done for the Russell Sage Foundation, F. Emerson Andrews is author of books as widely varied as a treatise on duodecimal counting and a novel set in the age of Charlemagne.

Paul Simmons, is a medic who knows all
That microscopes and test tubes can reveal,
And knows that nothing else exists, which is
Too much to know. But Mrs. Trumbull, who
Is stout and British and traditional,
Will bring to any conversation piece
The prejudice of both the pasts — mankind's
And hers. My unimportant self,
Seeing through fingertips, smears paint to make
The tinted moment an immortal thing,
With failure for the spur.

The room now dim,
John Lightwood turned to us what seemed
A high white forehead, and two long, thin hands
Divided by a shadow scarcely man,
And said, "I first must speak of death itself,
And how it comes, and feels. . . ."

And Mrs. Trumbull
Whispered, "I shall not like it, and I fear
It will be sacrilegious." "Who cares?"
Marie inquired of me. And Simmons smiled
With curling lip, in lofty tolerance
Of childish minds.

ii

"You will not know," he said,
"At first, you will not know that you have died.
So lately we have added wings to man
That some of you remember your first flight;
You were afraid, perhaps, and trembled as
They strapped you down; then came the jolting ride
Across the field. Then suddenly you felt —
Not anything. You did not know at first that this
'Not anything' was flight; that you had left
The earth and were no longer man, but bird;
Just so it is with death."

"How comforting!"
Said Mrs. Trumbull. "Just 'a sleep and a
Forgetting,' like the poet Browning said."

"Correction," interjected Lightwood. "That
Was Wordsworth and not Browning, and he spoke
Those words of birth and not of death. Now please
Preserve your pat quotations for your club.
I said you feel not anything in death,
And meant 'not anything' for definite sort
Of feeling. All the throb and beat of pain
You knew as you lay dying, now has fled
From you and leached itself to all the world:
Your chair, your child, trees, fence posts, rocks,
mice, men,
All throb and vibrate in a common rhythm
In tune with universal Time. For this
Is Time's own pulse, the vibrant, beating heart
Of the material world. It throbbed unfelt
While you throbbed with it; now in death you see
This ceaseless shaking of the world of things,
And know that this vibrationary shock
Is what wears out machines and men and stones.
Now in the midst of this pulsating world
You feel not anything, and know that you
Are motionless and perfectly at rest,
And are immortal."

"Now that we are dead,"
Put in Marie Frenault, "the question comes,
Do we go up to harps, or down to fry?"

"You do not know that you have died," he said,
Ignoring her, a strange queer brightness in
His eyes which frightened us, "until you feel
A buoyancy steal over you, as if a sea,
Impalpable and deep and high and wide,
Were flowing everywhere, and you could float
Through all the universe at will. Below
You will observe with mild surprise, perhaps,
A body looking very like the one
You used to see in mirrors only, with
The bedclothes clasped convulsively about
Its neck. The doctor with his watch in hand
Will say, 'He's dead.' And those who gather there

And weep will be the less amazed than you
At this strange news. For death has been for you
Like waking from a troubled sleep. The dream
Is near and vivid, and the heaviness
Of sleep not shaken off, but you have passed
Sleep's ultimate last shore; and you no more
Can change it or return to it forever.

"But this you will not understand at first;
You may reach out to comfort by a touch
Those mourning over what was you. But though
Your fingers are more solid than they were,
You cannot touch with them; the things which throb
In tune with Time have no solidity,
Are like a mass of buzzing flies through which
The spirit's firm reality may move
At will. This is a thing which science now
Begins to comprehend. The firmest rock,
The microscope reveals, is whirling worlds
Of swift electrons, widely interspaced
Like planets round a central sun, and no
Solidity in matter anywhere."

"You speak beyond your scientific depth,"
Paul Simmons interrupted, "though I grant
A grain of truth in your description of
The world of matter."

"Depth and height are both
Illusions of the merely solar mind.
Let's coin a planetary pun, and say,
We all are merely insolar until
We die and become cosmic. I shall not
Much care if science can confirm or no
This outer edge of truth. I merely say
What death is like, as any traveler
Reports no Polar Sea, against the guess
Of all the scientists."

iii

The while he paused
The room seemed full of ghostly presences,

As if a Hallowe'en should take itself
In sudden earnest, and the revelers
Find living skeletons beneath the sheets
They meant to don in sport. At last Marie,
Her voice a trembling merriment, inquired
If now that we were thoroughly deceased
We might explore those other worlds.

"We go
Because we cannot help ourselves," he said.
"A tuneful humming rises with desire,
And we are slipping out through space and time,
More fast than light. We understand that here
All motion is by music, and all speech
A universal tongue of overtones.
Soon, soon, we overtake our yesterdays,
And pass them one by one, and in each day
With comprehension far too cosmic for
Our comfort, see the circumstances of
Each act."
"You mean that I shall see myself
Back in my girlhood, weighing ninety-two?"
Said Mrs. Trumbull with a quavering
That tried to be a laugh.
He looked at her,
And in sepulchral voice that came from some
Far hollow place beyond the man, he said,
"So shall we all. We shall see everything.
For this is heaven and hell; but hell for most
Of us. That Curiosity, which is
The crown and curse of man above the beasts,
And will not let us rest the while we live
Will neither let us rest when we have died.
It lashes us beyond the kindly shores
Where Time's a transient and man forgets,
Into that infinite and tossing sea
Whose substance is the waves of mind, and sight,
And voice, which man has set in motion. Here
In this vast reservoir of all the Times
That were and shall be, all the restless waves
Of deeds and thoughts flow infinitely on.
Into this sea of more than memory

Where nothing ever dies, that stinging whip
Of Curiosity, which Eve bequeathed
To all her daughters and her sons, will drive
Us all. We shall again see all the good
And evil that we did or thought upon,
And by our side will stand the friends that we
Betrayed, and look at us, and look and look,
Until we pray for our release into
The mere traditionary hell of fire
And brimstone."
Simmons said, "There is no need
To take that gloomy course. Suppose we grant
That on some distant star a watcher with
A telescope impossibly efficient
Might catch the light that left this earth the dawn
Columbus landed; grant your phantasy
That mind could overtake those rays; still why
Should I or anyone be fool enough
To pause on our unfortunate pasts? I'd peg
Two thousand years behind today, and see
How Cleopatra fares along the Nile."

I saw, or thought I saw, the shadowed hand
Of Lightwood rising swiftly to his face,
And down again.
"My scientific friend,"
He said, "How far and when and where you go
Are not within your choice, not then. You men
Who live by test tubes, scales, and rules, and think
That man is merely matter, sometimes say
That even in this world no choice exists—
Heredity, environment, those two
Control the whole machine. I say you err;
And speak not as an arguer, but as
A man who says what he has seen. I say,
Choice absolute belongs to every man.
This is not choice 'twixt Good and Evil, which
Are merest man-made words with which
The priest and captain would protect their place
And property. Some day, if you insist,
I shall explain so far as words will serve

This ultimate of choice, which lies between
Material and spirit: or, by test,
Things subject to decay, or capable
Of growth. But that's a matter you could hear
With inner ears alone. Enough to say,
It is upon this potter's wheel of choice
That Will is shaped, and Man is wholly made.
The wheel spins on, and every breath of life
Is breathed upon the wheel, and speeds or slows
Or changes it until the end, but then
The wheel—STOPS. What you are, you are,
And choice is all behind you. No, my friend,
You will not choose where you will go—you'll go
Where you have long since chosen, knowing not
That every path has more than a beginning."

"This your hell, monsieur, might frighten *me*,
And many who have sensibilities;
But would the British care?" inquired Marie
With innocent wide eyes which fell, as if
By chance, on Mrs. Trumbull.
She flared up,
And said, "If certain persons present knew
Their manners, or a mite of——"
"Silence both!"
John Lightwood cried. "Like every woman, you
Believe that Galileo Galilei
Was wrong, and all the stars and suns in heaven
Revolve about yourselves, and any word
About the ultimate, means you. Those men
Fare softly who will acquiesce, and they
Find beauty, but miss truth."
"And men, monsieur,
In one-eyed staring through a microscope
At one small patch of truth, may overgaze
That largest truth, which is, That persons are."

"If that's a general condemnation of
The scientific sex, you're right; but I
Have seen beyond the microscope and stars,
And barring further bickerings, will show

How in the next stage of the trav'ling soul
This individual inwardness of man,
This crown of growth called personality,
Is heaven's essence, if you call it heaven.
The world beyond this world which we thus far
Have seen, is mere survival of the waves
Of mind, and sight, and sound. I did not paint
A heaven or hell, but Cause and its Effect,
Whose other name a poet has pronounced
As Purgatory.
"But at last this sea
Of infinite vibrationary waves
Which images the past, flows out and out,
And is a lapping on a distant beach
Instead of crashing torment. When this sea
Of memory subsides, the Will asserts
Its captaincy of all."
"And now, perhaps,"
Said Mrs. Trumbull hopefully, "we'll catch
A glimpse of happiness and pearly gates,
And golden streets to walk upon, with harps
To play."
"Perhaps you will," John Lightwood said.
"For heaven is the place where every man
May do forever what he's dreamed upon."

"How splendid!"
"Wait. I must define for you
Hell also. Hell's the place where every man
May do forever what he's dreamed upon."

"Why, nonsense, that's the same," Paul Simmons said.
"It's time we left this twaddle, and went home."

iv

"I will not keep you longer than to paint
Two pictures of two men I saw that time
When I was briefly dead. The first I saw
Was gaunt and tall, and had a deep red crease

Across his forehead where had sat a crown
Some centuries ago. Perhaps you know
The man; he gave John Cabot the large sum
Of ten whole pounds to recompense him for
Discovery of North America.
He sat before a table heaped up high
With gleaming coins of gold about the size
Of Colorado dollars. These he stacked
On one side, and took down, and stacked
Upon the other, and then broke the piles
With wildly sweeping hands, and laid his head
Among the yellow coins to sob, the while
His fingers clutched the table sides to hurl
The whole thing from him, but were powerless.
His life on earth he spent in wishing for
Such heaps of gold, and now he could not cease
From having all his wish. Four centuries
Of stacking gold had more than slightly dulled
That occupation, but he cannot stop
Forever; he has willed to grasp and grasp;
And grasp he will."
John Lightwood moved his hands
As if to wipe away a picture which
He loathed. Marie Frenault cried, "Stop.
I do not like your miser, and in truth
If any of us should believe the half
Of what you say, we'd turn us Puritan."

"For any man with eyes unbandaged by
One blazing glimpse of Truth's receding heel
There is no further living in a world
As mad and blind as this one. But for you,
Before tomorrow's dawn you will forget
This view beyond the veil, and live
As you have lived; and that is well, perhaps.
I did not make this world. It must go on,
Perhaps, with wars and gluttonies,
And forkings for a man to choose among,
Not knowing he has chosen.
"To return:
Beside the king I saw another man

I did not recognize, and history
In its remotest footnote has not heard
The whisper of his name. He held a brush
Which glowed, as if the palette where it drank
Was liquid sunset. Those who stood about
To watch his play informed me he had been
A poorer citizen of Florence in
Its greatest age, who longed in vain to paint,
For clumsy fingers and the need to live
Prevented him, but never quenched the will;
And now he stood before his easel, wrapt
In ecstasy of labor, while he learned
His art from Michelangelo, who leaned
To whisper in my ear that this young lad
Was aptest of his pupils, and as soon
As he had learned a bolder stroke, they'd off
And paint a dozen sunsets to get in
Their hands, and spend the next millenium on
A fresh aurora borealis, stretched
From star to star. You see what heaven is,
And hell."

v

He sank far back; I thought I saw
His hand again, and heard a swift intake
Of breath. Then Mrs. Trumbull spoke:

"What I
Should like to know, is how you can describe
For one whole hour this heaven and hell of yours
And never mention God."

"You ask for more,"
John Lightwood said, "than you can understand.
How should I answer you with words, since words
Are names of things that man has seen? How then
But using uninvented phrases, might
I paint the presence of a mystery
As yet unseen by man? But God . . ." His voice
Began to sound like one far off.

"More light!"
He cried, and then his arm fell sharply down
Upon the little table. One by one,
Three glasses rolled, and clattered to the floor
With three sharp tinkling sounds. I reached the lights,
And in their blinding glare we saw our host
Sprawled out upon the table, with his head
Upon it, and his arms flung wide. The drip
From spilled wine was running down his coat
To form red pools upon the floor.
I felt
A hint of righteous satisfaction in
The cry of Mrs. Trumbull: "See the hand
Of retribution from the Lord upon
The man's presumption."
Simmons said, "It was
An overdose of snow; let's help him up
To bed."

Patriotism for Partisans: *A Responsible Opposition*

By NORTON E. LONG

IT IS A SERIOUS QUESTION how much longer the United States of America can afford the luxury of legislative anarchy and party irresponsibility in which we now indulge. We desperately need a responsible opposition to the party in power. To have that kind of opposition the minority party has to be made to decide which of its Hydraheads is boss. It does not matter who it is. What matters is that somewhere we fix the responsibility for giving us a choice—for putting up or shutting up—when it comes to where the party stands. A leaderless party sinks to the lowest level of politics. Not because of viciousness but because no one is tagged with the job of standing out in the spotlight of public opinion and responsibly representing the party as a whole. And with no leader and no program that the minority party must uphold or risk discrediting its standard bearer, the party scurries off in all directions in search of personal political gain. The majority party (the Democrats when this article was first written), itself only loosely held together by the President, is easily disrupted by a leaderless minority party (at that time the Republicans) milling in all directions.

Whatever we may have afforded in the past, this disruption we can no longer afford. The stakes and the dangers of world politics are too great. We no longer live wrapped in the cotton wool of an isolated continent, with weak neighbors, protected by two oceans and the British fleet. An unstable economy, deeply tied into a war budget, intensifies the need for stability and range in our government policies.

One does not have to agree with NORTON E. LONG's solution in the final pages of this article (would Governor Dewey have preferred Capitol Hill to Albany, for example?) to appreciate that he has written an eloquent analysis of a serious dilemma in American political life. Long has had considerable experience in the service of the federal government, is now Professor of Political Science at Western Reserve University.

We are all familiar with the disastrous weakness of French cabinets that leaves that country poised precariously between dictatorships of the red and of the black. One need not be an alarmist to see in our own capacity to evolve stable, long-range leadership a test of our capacity for democratic survival.

Unlike the French, the American government is blessed with a powerful President elected for four years. *This institution has stood us in good stead.* But while for short emergencies or in the glare of open war the presidency may focus the energies of an aroused nation, down the road in the protracted tension of the cold war it can not do the job alone. An effective, long-range program must have legislative support. The majority party must function, not momentarily under the lash of war-roused public opinion, but constantly under the steady hands of its leaders and the President.

The discipline of the majority party and its capacity for sustained responsible action depend in great measure on the conduct of the opposition. An opposing party equipped with a leader and a program would do much to hold the majority in line. A leaderless minority exploiting every politically attractive issue, regardless of consequences, is a force the members of the weakly organized majority can not resist. They must meet the individualistic, anarchical competition or perish singly in their own constituencies. A Gresham's law of politics is at work, the bad coinage debasing or driving out the good.

The most promising means to secure a responsible opposition is to force the minority party, Republican or Democratic as the case may be, to accept a leader. We have a leader ready to hand in the defeated party's presidential candidate, and we have every right within the Constitution to recognize him in law as the leader of the opposition and to endow him with enough prestige to give him the support of public opinion.

There are powerful reasons for doing this. Most people would concede that you need a leader for the majority party; that if that party goes in seven directions at once the country will have the devil to pay. But why do you need a leader for the opposition? What difference does it make if a minority party has almost as many foreign policies as senators, running all the way from the moderate internationalism of Lodge and Ives through the Asia First doctrines of Knowland and Taft to the Fortress America idea of Herbert Hoover? Of course it is

confusing to the public and our allies, and certainly it raises hob with the Administration. But after all, is not the big job of the opposition, as Senator Taft says, to oppose? And that means quite simply to discredit the party in power with the voters. If having a fist full of policies on every issue helps to do this, who can object? It's just smart politics.

At first blush this seems strange. Ordinarily you would think that a disciplined, well led organization would be more effective politically than a loose alliance of jealously independent politicians scrambling for the next presidential nomination. Yet thus far, despite a few valiant attempts such as that of Wendell Willkie, defeated candidates have been relegated to the powerless minor role of titular leader. Even when they have been able to secure a second nomination, their influence in the interim with their party in Congress has been slight. Except in election years, a party, to have a leader, has had to have a President. No President, no leader.

Why? Why hasn't logic taught the lesson that any organization, military, business, or what have you, without leadership must lose when faced with a disciplined opponent? Probably because the lesson does not seem to apply to American politics. Republicans or Democrats in opposition, without any apparent leadership, attacking their opponents like a band of Comanches whooping around a western wagon train, have collected many a political scalp.

The answer to the riddle lies in the nature of American political warfare. You don't elect the "outs"; you defeat the "ins." The major tactic, as that unfortunate though successful practitioner Jon Jonkel so skillfully demonstrated, is not the build-up of your man but hanging the big doubt on his opponent. For this maneuver a leaderless band of politicians attacking the party in power, rendered immobile by the responsibilities of office, at every publicity-vulnerable spot has great advantages. Leaderless, it has no head to defend from attack; no head that can be forced by the inescapable demand of focused public opinion to put up or shut up—to formulate responsibly his party's alternatives to the policies of the party in power; no head to be repudiated by his colleagues at their electoral peril.

Whatever its disadvantages, lack of a definite publicly accepted leadership permits the freest, most unhampered, and on occasion most irresponsible attack on the administration—since the trick is to get the public to vote against the party in power, confining oneself to building and exploiting the doubt is effective partisan politics. Lack of leader-

ship and the consequent absence of any clearly defined program permits the broadest alliance of the "outs," held together by the warm if temporary bond of a many-motived antipathy to the "ins." Clearly there are impressive if partisan reasons for the opposition avoiding the encumbrance of a leader until election time.

Does it matter? What have the American people to lose or gain from the conduct of the opposition? A great deal. It is the nature of partisanship to confuse the good of the party, conceived as victory over its opponents, with the good of the country. Theoretically most politicians would admit that there are more important things for the country than the success of their own party. In practice they do not believe it, and as good patriots and party men they believe all's fair in love and war—and politics isn't love. The end (i.e., putting their party in power) is so clearly in the nation's interest that any effective means short of violence is justified. What if McCarthy's charges are 95 per cent false? The important thing, the patriotic thing is to replace the incompetent, if no worse, bunglers—their opponents. That Republicans have no monopoly on this patriotic zeal, the conduct of the Democratic House in Hoover's last two years bears eloquent witness.

The man from Mars listening to our campaigns—and now it is difficult to tell when we are not campaigning—would run for the nearest cover, expecting civil war to break out any minute. Most of us discount the ranting and posturing, the all-blacks and all-whites, the smear cries of Tory, Bourbon, Red, Fascist, and the whole chemical warfare of the inkpot. It seems to be just the old-fashioned Chinese warfare in which horrid faces, the ringing of gongs and hideous noises substituted for more deadly forms of combat. A warfare in which the actors, masks off, winked at one another. But just as Chinese warfare has been modernized so that the nation that invented gunpowder only to make firecrackers is now milling powder to quite a different purpose, so our political warfare may be undergoing a modernization in which the humorously hideous masks may cease at once to be humorous and to be masks.

The cost of this is not just aesthetic. To be sure, it is not pretty. But it is more than ugly; it is dangerous. However much we may differ on means—and it is the very essence of our constitutional and scientific faith that such difference should be protected and encouraged—we must have some measure of fundamental agreement if we are to continue a free people. Only if we are sufficiently agreed about

what is important, can we safely agree to disagree with all the seemingly irretrievable bitterness of a family quarrel. The outsider has to know that if he interferes the heavens will fall in on him and the family also must have implicit trust that this is just what would happen. Our family is losing that faith. If it is bad for a family, it is disastrous for a nation.

How did we get this way? In part through the profound disillusion that has followed an unillusioned war. In a world where there is no peace nor reasoned hope of peace the mind seeks escape from an unending vista of tension in magic remedies and special devils. As a nation we like to face our problems with our fists. To wait and wait and hope and wait with no real assurance of success is maddening. Our national psychology is poorly equipped to meet the strain of the war of nerves. The men of the Kremlin not only can act with dispatch —heaven help the Senate in a race with them—but what is likely to prove far more important, they can wait, playing on public opinion with the many keyed organ of their propaganda.

Fixed in the immobility imposed by the responsibility of public office, the Administration appears to fidget and wait and fidget. As Andrew Jackson once said, the American eagle looks mighty like a buzzard, roosting. It is when he's on the wing that you know him. People are sick and tired of waiting. They want dramatic action to break the seemingly endless and senseless struggle that keeps them from their ordinary lives. In 1940-41 it seemed a relief when appeasement gave place to open war. Any real impatience now plays fast and loose with atomic hell and the human race.

At almost no time in our history has it been more necessary that our government's decisions be cool, deliberate and far-sighted. Yet our domestic politics make this well nigh impossible. The rash promises and accusations of irresponsible, office-hungry politicians strain our patience daily and raise tempers to the boiling point. Lincoln once said of the Civil War that it was a war to test whether a nation dedicated to ideals like ours could survive. In a sense equally poignant, the cold war is a war to test whether a nation dedicated to our ideals can survive in this atomic age. Our ability to create a responsible party system capable of cool, deliberate and far-sighted decisions may well hold the answer.

Exhortations to exorcise the devils of partisanship we have had in abundance. But the political old Adam persists. Surely it is the be-

ginning of political wisdom not to lead politicians into temptation. Yet this is precisely what our lack of party leadership does. We ask Democrats after the long political drought of the '20's to cooperate in the country's interest to make Hoover look good and thereby lessen their electoral chances in '32. We ask Republicans to abandon the McCarthy-created image of Acheson despite its proved magic in the Tydings defeat.

Even a shooting war in Korea with its tens of thousands of casualties has failed to call a halt to politics as usual. An anti-adminstration coalition of Republicans and Dixiecrats has engaged in a reckless legislative sit-down strike delaying measures of vital importance and presenting the country with a weakened foreign-aid bill and tax bill and a Defense Production Act bearing the hoof prints of every lobbyist on the Potomac. This sorry performance could not have occurred had the minority party been headed by a responsible leader. Can anyone doubt how Willkie or Dewey would have risen to meet the nation's emergency? Can anyone doubt that they would have spurned the opportunistic, purely negative coalition with the Dixiecrats? Smearing the President's program at a time like this comes dangerously close to smearing the country too for the President's program is the only one we have. Kill it and there is no other to take its place. Only the blindness of political irresponsibility can explain this childish pettiness in the face of the grave issues that beset the country. A leaderless party, twenty years in the wilderness, can scarcely be expected to exercise statesmanlike restraint in its attacks on the party in power.

As long as this can be considered good politics it will have to be lived with. Politicians by and large will do what they think will get them elected, pious references to the duty of statesmanship to the contrary notwithstanding. If we want statesmanship of our politicians, we must make statesmanship politic. The statesman to function at all, must first be a successful politician.

Does this mean the situation is hopeless? Not at all. Put a premium on responsible behavior and a penalty on irresponsibility and the narrowly selfish interests of the partisan politicians may be led to serve the public interest.

How can this be done? Many students of politics believe that a major factor making for irresponsible conduct on the part of the opposition is the absence of definite and openly accepted leadership. A leaderless party is all too likely to behave like a mob and we can't af-

ford a mob in Congress on either side of the aisle. It seems probable that if we could get the minority party to accept a leadership we'd be a long way toward getting a more responsible government.

Why? First with a definite leadership it would be far more difficult for the opposition to escape the necessity of putting up if it did not want to shut up. And if the opposition leader put up, his party cohorts would have to go along on pain of discrediting their own man, hurting his chances in the next election and thereby possibly their own. Abandonment of rugged political individualism with its very real profits would be painful but necessary.

The public would have the more manageable task of judging two leaderships and what they had to offer. The opposition would be denied the privilege of confining itself wholly to discrediting the administration. Its own man, being visible and known, would now be vulnerable. Having a head, the party—Republican or Democratic—would present a target for attack.

Second, a definitive leadership would provide representation for a major part of the electorate largely without voice in the minority party. A minority party with a national leadership would be a far more representative party. A far more representative party in all probability would be a far more responsible party.

Presidential elections are won to a great extent in the metropolitan constituencies of the key electoral college states. These are the Presidential constituency par excellence. The man running for President or the leader who knows he must make the race has no doubt about the importance of New York City, Chicago, Cleveland, St. Louis, Philadelphia, Los Angeles, to name but a few.

In Congress the situation is just the reverse. Uncle John Taber representing the Holsteins of upper New York State has far more say than his Republican colleague Jacob Javits from New York City, even though in a Presidential election his constituency is insignificant compared to the millions of urban Republican votes. A Gene Cox in the Democratic party with far fewer votes behind him than even Taber exercises a mighty power through the House Rules Committee with royal unconcern for the wishes of the urban majority that elects his party's Presidents. Seniority rule which awards the posts of power in accordance with political longevity rather than merit or party service means that the chieftains of Congress normally come from rural one-

party or machine-bossed districts that go Democratic or Republican year in and year out—come what may.

The fact that Presidents must get themselves elected in the great metropolitan areas while the leaders of Congress largely come from rural and safe one-party districts accounts for much of the friction between the executive and legislative. They just don't represent the same people. This difference frequently strains the relations between the President and his own party in Congress. But what exists as a tension between the President and his own party is exasperated in relations with the minority by its almost complete lack of representation of the presidential constituency. Who represents the big cities in the Republican party today? How differently would the party behave if this urban constituency were given appropriate recognition?

What means are there for forcing the minority party to accept a truly national leadership with its confining responsibility? Indeed can you force a leader on the jealously independent party chiefs of the minority? No certain answer can be given to these questions. We can at best try.

A modest proposal looking to the accomplishment of responsible opposition would be the recognition of the defeated presidential candidate as a working part of the responsible government. Given an adequate salary, office and staff, access to and right to be heard on the floor of either house, the defeated candidate for President could really fill the role of titular leader of his party in more than empty name. This could be accomplished by statute without constitutional amendment. If it seemed intolerable, as it might, that the minority should be stuck for four years with their defeated candidate a mid-term convention might be empowered to replace him. Such a convention would have advantages for both parties as a means of reviewing their programs and maintaining contact with their members.

We have in the titular leader of the opposition a promising and unused official of our party system who could be made to do a real job of minority leadership. His office but waits the force of public opinion to breathe the breath of life into it. The defeated presidential candidate represents millions of votes. Here is a shocking waste of democratic power that might be harnessed to a good purpose. These votes should be represented in the minority party. At present they aren't. This is sheer political waste and worse. The interest of the country and the interest of the great majority of the voters of the party

require that the defeated party be harnessed to the responsibility of a leadership rather than permitted the luxury of four years' anarchy. Gallup is no substitute for Dewey in voicing the wishes of the Republican voters with Martin, Wherry and Taft. And the good doctor would probably be no more effective as an oracle for a defeated Democratic party with its congressional remnant than he has been as pulse taker of the Republican rank and file. No leader, no program, no leadership, no responsibility. This is the disease of the defeated party in our politics, a disease of irresponsibility that can infect a whole Congress minority and majority. This danger we can no longer afford.

We have a promising remedy. If we can compel the defeated party to accept its presidential candidate as a leader in fact as well as name we will have made a long stride toward achieving responsible government. To be sure there are formidable political difficulties to be surmounted in so far-reaching a change. The jealous party chiefs contending for the next nomination and rooted in the habits of rugged political individualism, would be likely to resist this menace to their power. Interests that profit by the indiscipline of the legislature would soon discover the danger to the lobby of an effective minority leader capable of holding his forces in line.

But as the need becomes apparent and the price of its not being met clear we can expect a growing public opinion in its support. The Administration has much to gain from thrusting responsibility on its opponents. Many in the minority have little to lose, notably in the House. Powerful groups who conceive constitutional democracy to be their element have a vital interest. With such a stake, with such allies, present and potential, the task is doubly significant. It's high time to get on with it and unless we do, irresponsible partisanship may lose us the cold war and our freedom.

East Wind

By Samuel Yellen

Which way the foul wind blows
Is from the east, from the east,
Chafing throat and pinching nose.

The east wind works in bleak grisaille;
Across gray skies, lead-gray tatters
Pelt down rain and iron hail.

Oh, let us have some other wind,
One that blows up no dirty papers
Along the gutters of the mind:

Not unbalance, not unmeasure,
But the west wind's balmy yellow,
Or the south wind's warming azure,

Even the north wind's white and clean
Single stroke of killing frost,
Sharp as the blade of the guillotine.

A STORY

Good Hope

By WINIFRED WILLIAMS

SHE KNELT BY THE WHITE GATE, fixing the chromium letters. *Hope.* (She spelled the word under her breath.) *Good Hope.* A gull, swooping downwards, sheathed its great wings and perched observantly on the fence. But it soon flew off, mewing.

Beyond the long, threatening grass that crept up to the fence, that showered on the garden a thousand green blades to be plucked out by her weary fingers, the sea shone grey above the pile of red roofs. Mist hung over the farthest cliffs and crept in towards the huddled town.

I should have bought a bigger house, she thought. It would have held more boarders and I could have charged more. But a bigger modern house would also have cost more, she remembered. She could never have found enough money for the Building Society's deposit.

She stood up and stretched her long, stiff body. The gate swung to; the latch clicked. ("Call it Hope Cottage" he had mocked, when she had said a house should have a name as well as a number. "It'll last as long as hope. One night or another the wind'll blow it over the cliff.")

Sometimes, when the wind blew wildly in from the sea, she felt the house tremble; she waited for the frail walls to break, to crumble. Charles couldn't bear to stay in it—the flimsiness, the blatant vulgarity of the style, horrified him. It had been built just before the war, of the very cheapest materials, by a speculative builder; but it had an easily-managed kitchen, and to a woman that was the most important thing in a house. Over on the West Cliff were the houses Charles had designed—tall, three-storied, imposing. But the owners complained that the passages were tortuous and the kitchens clumsy. Now nobody

---

WINIFRED WILLIAMS has published a great many short stories and a novel *The Beehive.* Four of her stories have been reprinted in anthologies. Born and brought up in the north of England, she was successively factory worker, clerk and teacher before she married and began to write.

asked him to build. They sent for the architect on the other side of the river, a bright young man who, it was whispered, took handsome bribes from the building firms who got the contracts. When Charles saw the new school going up on the east side he was nearly insane with rage. "I'm the architect here!" he said to her. "But no wonder they don't ask me!" he shouted. "Bringing me to this gimcrack house, built by a jerry-builder. You were reared in a slum and it's all you're fit for."

She had been meek. She had prayed for him, she had consulted the Vicar. (The younger generation, said the Vicar. The younger generation knocking at the door. . . . He cocked his head on one side, wrinkled his brow in search of the context. Couldn't Charles afford to retire? he asked. We lost all our savings during the war, when Charles was away in the army.)

The peas and beans were good. That meant cheaper food for the visitors. Plenty of vegetables, very little meat or fish. . . . The wind was cold. She felt the chilly air on her bare legs; her flowered frock fluttered around her knees. The visitors would ask for fires, and fires meant money. I'm afraid you'll have to pay for them, she would say, smiling, but with a threat in her eyes. I can't provide fires for five guineas.

Where was he now? He had stood at the door, a rucksack in his hands, and his eyes beneath the grey hair had burned like a madman's. I'm going, he said. I'll come back when the season's over. I can't stand your damned lodgers.

But Charles! she had cried. They're quite nice people! There's a young couple coming—a woman with a child, too—and after that. . . . What do I want with 'em? he said. I'm as sick of the young as of you.

But he had sent a letter saying he had found a room for a few shillings a week in a Lincolnshire cottage, and he was looking for work. Work! An architect, a master-builder! Hate boiled in her—hate of the young, of the youthful builder who was putting up the new school and the council-houses, the man who had stolen their livelihood. I could kill him! she thought, tearing the peas from the damp stems, popping them into her basket.

The door behind her opened, and the woman with the child came out. The child staggered along, rasping his spade on the cobbled path.

"Do you think the sun will get out?" asked the woman in crisp,

polite tones, shading her eyes with her hand, staring across at the sullen sea.

"Oh, I think so!" She forced herself to be cheerful, though she would have liked to sneer, to fling back some of the scornful condescension that lay beneath the polite veneer. The rasping sound of the child's spade was agony. She wanted to shout: Get out of here and leave me alone! but she stood smiling.

"Would you like one of these nice peas?" she asked, holding out a peapod to the child.

"No," he said sulkily. "I want an ice-cream."

Ill-mannered little brute! she thought.

He had started off again, but suddenly he paused and dug his spade into the garden, cutting a lettuce. She flew across to him, trying to curb her ferocious anger.

"You mustn't do that!" she panted. "You mustn't!"

"Come along, Christopher," said the woman coldly. The child trailed after the mother.

"Look!" cried the child. "Silver letters!" He fingered the new letters on the gate. "What do they say?" He rubbed the chromium letters with his fingers.

"Do come along, Christopher!" said the impatient woman.

"Good - good - hope!" cried the child. "What's that mean?"

But the woman, clutching her novel, thirsting for a few hours of peace in a deck-chair, was already walking along the road. The child followed her.

The mist was lifting. They might have a fine day. If the weather held, the visitors could sit on the sands or lie on the cliffs, but if it rained they would come shuddering back to the house. There ought to be morning cinemas, she thought. That would keep them out of my way.

She entered the midget kitchen, put her basket of peas on the table, and sat on the high stool. Even this neat and compact kitchen irritated Charles, it was so tiny. He would have preferred her to go on struggling for ever with the kitchen and scullery in the villa on the West Cliff. She had endured them until the last year of the war, keeping up a respectable air, pretending prosperity, paying the enormous taxes and the Building Society instalments, then suddenly it had seemed impossible to go on. She had compelled Charles, home

on leave for a week, to give her a power of attorney, had sold the place and gone into rooms, storing half their furniture and selling the rest. He had never forgiven her. But how could she have known that the war would end in six months and that the prices of houses would double the moment the public lost its fear of bombs? This gimcrack little house had cost two hundred pounds more than she had got for their villa. But she had been sick to death of living in rooms, and the prospect of making money out of summer boarders had seemed quite wonderful. Yet these two years of worry, of coping with paying guests and trying to make Charles rebuild his broken career, had aged her by a decade, she knew. Looking into the cracked kitchen mirror she saw her brown, weatherbeaten face (sea air, the long hours battling with the garden) her sunken mouth and greying hair. No wonder he found her contemptible.

Yet inwardly she had not changed. There was the calamity. Her quick southern speech remained (pure Cockney in her emotional moments, Charles said, sneering), and made her feel odd and isolated amongst these slow-spoken northerners. The passion to be respectable, to belong to the middle class, that had flamed in her in those distant office-days, still consumed her vitals, made her hollow-eyed, made her cringe to the wives of doctors and parsons when she met them in the street, made her lift her head proudly as she passed the fisher-folk.

She had met Charles in London, in the British Museum, during one of her spasms of self-improvement. She had always wanted to learn, to be educated, but she soon grew tired of the struggle; her brain rebelled and she had to turn to something new, something different.

"I live in the north, by the sea," he said later, smiling across a tea-table. "I'm a builder—an architect." She had shivered with delight; she had gathered all the remaining energy of her still unspent youth into one passionate attempt to subdue him.

And the astonished office-staff had combined to buy a present suitable for the wife of an architect—a silver dish. It still lay, slightly tarnished, the plate chipping, on the dingy sideboard.

Even at the beginning, when she first came with him to the villa on the West Cliff, she had been conscious of oncoming doom. The ruling caste had received her coldly; she had felt their probing contempt. The fisher-folk and shopkeepers, scenting and resenting patronage, had slyly shunned her, slipping away at her bright approach.

They were a cunning resentful crowd, she thought. They hated and mistrusted strangers, and one could remain a stranger among them for twenty years. As she moved along the streets in her flowered art-silk she had felt their whispers, their sly glances, their primitive enmity of "foreigners." And as she and Charles had sunk lower, as Charles's income had dwindled and she had been compelled to buy less and less in the shops, she had felt their malicious eyes watching. In a queer way the coming of war had been a relief to her, for she had believed during his four years in the army that he might be capable of some truly remarkable effort on his release. It had been a delusion—he had come back an even more cynical and hopeless being than before. His will was atrophied; he could do nothing.

The peas simmered in the pan, the potatoes bubbled, the two trimmed chops lay on a plate. She climbed the rickety stairs and began dusting the front bedroom. Her heavy feet plumped across the thin floor; she tripped over a picture-book the child had left lying on the carpet. Hate rose in her throat.

She picked up the flimsy rug and shook it out of the window. The string on which the muslin curtain precariously hung, gave way. She jabbed the loop of string on to the hook.

Now the garden was warmed by feeble sunlight. Over the fringed edge of the field that bordered the cliff the sea shone, a semi-circle of silver gray, lace-edged. She could see the tiny figures of children scampering along the beach, women in striped deck-chairs, an ice-cream cart, and a group of donkeys ambling across the sand. On the spa a dark crowd walked, backwards and forwards, restless as bees, and far away the brown cliffs dwindled to Ebb Point, crowned by a toy lighthouse. Whatever she felt about it, she had to go on living in this hostile, predatory little town, watching it wake to life in the summer, seethe for three crazy months, then sink again into somnolence. I can't stand it! she thought. The winters, the fog, the clammy cold, the loneliness, Charles's bitter brooding. Then her courage rose, and her hatred gave her strength. I won't be beaten, she said. I'll make money. I'll give Charles another start.

Dust lay thick everywhere, and the floor was sprinkled with sand from the child's bucket. She worked grimly, persistently, to get the room into a mimicry of order. The brushing and dusting calmed her. Next year everything would be different. Charles would begin afresh,

and they would go away, inland, to a place where nobody knew them, and where Charles's gifts would be understood. She sank into an apathy of work, and her tortured mind peacefully slumbered.

The young widow with her child had returned. Now they were in the bathroom. She heard them descend the stairs, heard the child's querulous, tired voice. (I won't take children again, she decided. I can't bear them in the house.) The young were enemies, and as they grew they used all their fresh, powerful energies to destroy the old. The cunning folk here in the town knew it. They had almost ceased to breed, and the schools were nearly empty.)

Smiling servilely, making bright enquiries about the beach, the weather and the tide, she served lunch. She felt the woman's eyes measuring her, drew herself up to her full, splendid height, and glared stonily back at the inquisitive eyes. The child was struggling with his knife and fork, and the mother turned to him watchfully. "Let me cut up the meat," she said.

At four-o-clock two more visitors would arrive. She had promised to meet them, for the house was difficult to find, she knew. She dreaded their coming, but they would bring money and she sorely needed it, for the cost of everything was frightful.

She ate her own meal of vegetables, then went into the other room to clear the table. The woman and the child were going out again. They performed their journeys to the beach and back in monotonous rhythm.

She began the washing up. Outside in the garden thrushes and sparrows hopped in and out among the cabbages and peas. Thieves! she thought, flushing. She flung open the kitchen window and clapped her hands. The birds flew up, darted over the rose-covered fence, and soared skyward.

Saturday . . . a quarter to four. Soon the train would turn the point, come puffing around the bay, bringing more visitors, hundreds of visitors. The small town would be filled to bursting, there would hardly be a vacant bedroom. The shops along the sea front would do a roaring trade, the amusement booths would be filled with yelling youths, the lights of the spa would glitter. . . . And somewhere, perhaps in that cottage in Lincolnshire, Charles would be sitting alone, driven into exile by these swarming human insects, while the man who had taken away his livelihood, the creature who had ingratiated

himself with the County Council while Charles was defending his country, lived in cushioned security in a lovely secluded house across the river.

(I must put on my hat and meet them, she thought. I promised, and I've got to make them feel that I'm their hostess and not just a boarding-house keeper.)

Her heart increased its beat as she pushed open the station gate and walked along the platform. The station (disproportionately large for the town's size, its long platforms built for the summer season) was like a flower-garden. Roses clung to the walls, marguerites thrust up monstrous heads under the station's windows, delphiniums pushed sky-blue spikes against the brilliant posters. For the visitors, she thought. Everything here is for the visitors.

She had said she would wait by the door of the first-class Ladies' Room on platform four. She sat on the brightly painted seat, watching the bunches of retired visitors scurrying for trains home, the knots of waiting friends, the wheeled tea-stands, the alert newspaper boys.

There was a high shriek and a train came screaming under the bridge to slow down at platform four. Holiday-makers waved enthusiastic arms out of open windows, the small cropped heads of children bobbed with delight. Now! she thought, standing upright, bracing herself. I must meet them with absolute calm.

The train stopped, the doors flew open, and the passengers were spilled out in lively groups on to the platform. She waited. None of these could be hers. But a couple was moving towards her—a small, lean young man and a red-faced, large-bosomed girl. Her quick eye noted their suitcases, new but cheap. The proletariat, as Charles called them. The English proletariat, with its imitation-leather. The soil from which she had sprung.

"Hullo!" said the young woman in a deep, hoarse voice. The little man was raising his hat. Her nerves quivered, but she greeted them calmly, murmured about the surprising punctuality of the train—it had never been on time before. She saw their smiling, conspiratorial eyes and guessed that they were lately married, were still lovers. Once, long ago, she and Charles had looked at one another like that. Nostalgia gripped her. She could have fainted.

The young man wanted a newspaper, the stout girl patronized

the fruit stall. They were among the last to descend the station steps, and the stream of humanity had become a trickle.

"What a quaint old place!" said the young man jovially.

"The old part of the town is quite famous," she said. "But the new part is cleaner and better."

They turned into a side road.

"My husband built that church," she said, pointing to the big, red-brick Methodist Chapel with its tiny tower stuck at one end. From the beginning they must know her position. She must not be treated as a common boarding-house keeper.

"Oh," said the woman respectfully. "Does he still—?"

"He builds houses now," she said rapidly. "But he's been ill and has had to go away. So I'm temporarily taking in visitors."

"Really!" the woman explained. They both looked humble. She felt a spasm of pleasure.

But when they came to the tiny, gimcrack house, the couple were clearly disappointed. They looked at one another and raised their eyebrows. She was stung with shame.

They were in their room now. She could hear their soft laughter and knew they were making comments on the size of the house and the furniture. She heard the word "architect," then the deep, hoarse voice of the girl said "Hush!" and there was silence.

She stood in the bathroom, leaning against the plaster walls. The ghosts of fishes, suspended as they swam, decorated the blue distemper; a sea snail in varnished paper pointed a menacing head at the bath. They stared at her, these feeble, etiolated creatures, and the green fishes gaped with mocking, silent laughter.

She went downstairs to prepare tea. The woman and the child came in. The house seemed full of strangers. Now she could hear the child scampering overhead.

The dining-room clock chimed, and she sounded the miniature gong in the hall. They came downstairs, the four of them, and took their places at the table. She heard the deep-voiced woman joking with the child. As she entered, all four turned critical, irritated eyes. She went back to her own meal in the kitchen, and as she ate she listened resentfully to the quartet of usurpers.

She fell into a weary doze. Suddenly the kitchen door opened a couple of inches and the hoarse voice boomed through the aperture.

"Excuse me," boomed the voice of the bride. "No supper—going to a dance—could we have a key?" (A key to her house. Strangers wanted a key to her house. She took it off the nail.)

The hours dragged on. She went to the pantry to check the supplies of food for tomorrow. The woman bathed the child and put him to bed, then came down for her own supper. There were fishcakes made from yesterday's fish. The woman threw a disdainful look at the plate. After she had eaten, she went upstairs. The taps hissed, the ceiling thudded, then there was the heave of a bed, and silence.

Now, sitting by the empty grate (she had economically allowed the fire to die out) she looked with tired eyes at the littered mantelshelf, at the slow-moving clock. Between the small china dog and the kewpie doll was a photograph of herself and Charles on their wedding day. She gazed up at the smiling, hopeful face above the disguising draperies, at Charles's dark, shining hair. What things I hoped for! she thought. What a fool I was!

The latch of the gate clicked. Who could be visiting her at this hour? She smoothed her hair, whisked the crumby cloth off the table. The door opened and Charles came into the room. He took off his hat and coat, put them on a chair, then sat down by the empty grate.

"But Charles!" she said, trembling. "Why have you come back?"

"Flu," he said, shivering. "I've got flu, and I couldn't stick it alone. Can you find me a bed—or are they full of visitors?"

"There's only the single bed in the boxroom, and I sleep there. You can 'ave that, and I'll sleep downstairs." In her excitement her Cockney accent grew stronger. He had noticed it; she saw the contemptuous curl of his mouth. Hate flashed between them. But he needed her, and she would have to let him stay. After all, it was his house, his home.

"Go up to bed and I'll bring you some hot milk and aspirin," she said.

Wearily, he got up. Like a drunken man, the master builder, the designer of chapels and villas, shuffled across the room.

"Sh!" she whispered. "The visitors." He gave a sneering laugh, but she heard him subdue his footsteps.

When she arrived upstairs with the glass of hot milk and a bottle of aspirin he was already undressed.

"Have you brought your pyjamas?" she faltered.

"No. I can sleep in my shirt."

She sat by the bed, watching him drink the milk. Over the bed was a picture of The Good Shepherd that she had bought soon after their marriage. Charles's head leaned against the tarnished frame.

"You'd better stay in bed tomorrow. I'll tell the visitors you've got a cold." She took the glass from his shivering hand.

"Oh, tell them I'm a leper," he said, turning over, turning his back on her. As she reached the door he lifted his head.

"I see you've christened the house," he said. "It's funny." He began to laugh. She went out, shutting the door.

I'll have a breath of air before I sleep, she said. Then I can make up a bed on the floor, in the living-room. She hesitated. Those two, coming in from the dance. . . . But she could put a chair against the door.

She walked down the garden path and stood at the gate. A brilliant moon shone in the August sky; the sea was barred with silver. In the garden the flowers glimmered, and the air was filled with the strong scent of carnations. She looked across the bay, at the dark, curving line of cliff, the huddled mass of roofs, the twinkling window-lights, the gaudy loops of colored lamps circling the sea. Color was ebbing away from the landscape. The nearest roofs were still darkly red, but the distance held only light and shade. Night had come.

Still she leaned her heavy hips against the gate, watching. A group of girls, self-conscious in trousers, strolled along the cobblestones, flourishing their cigarettes, full of excited laughter. They went forward, plunging towards the glitter of the town. From the massed buildings along the sea-front came the distant roar of music. High and shrill, the mechanical tune rose above the ground-bass of the sea.

A great moth, white in the moonlight, fluttered past her, and sank among the scented carnations. In the field behind the house a corncrake croaked, was silent, croaked again. Her fingers, gripping the gate, felt something cold, smooth and unfamiliar. (I see you have christened the house!) Anger flamed in her. She bent her great shoulders, her strong fingers tore at the letters, at the tiny screws. But the smooth chromium shapes clung to the wood, unperturbed, and when she at last ceased tearing they still stared at her unwinking, shining like silver in the moonlight.

Anti-Americanism in France

By ARNOLD M. ROSE

THE POLITE WORD FOR IT is "neutralism," but the franker term is anti-Americanism. While one can pick out merely one section of articulate Frenchmen to call "the neutralists," in a basically accurate sense a very large proportion of Frenchmen, of all economic classes and of all educational levels, are anti-American today. The sentiment is said to be stronger among workers and big businessmen than it is among shopkeepers and farmers, but the difference is merely one of degree. The essential fact is that anti-Americanism has become significant in several countries of Western Europe, and is a factor to reckon with in international relations. Since the problem is somewhat different in each country, I shall attempt to offer an explanation only for France since that is the only country I can claim to know (on the basis of eight months' residence and study there).

France's anti-Americanism is not personal; it is seldom directed at individual Americans but at some imaginatively created image of the United States. Only once were either my wife or I subjected to personal insult because we were Americans, and when the woman who gave expression to her fury caught sufficient control of herself to observe that we were ordinary flesh-and-blood people, she behaved quite decently. Another important characteristic of anti-Americanism is that it does not necessarily lead its possessors to become Communists. One does not vote Communist in France solely because one is anti-American, but for more positive reasons such as personal advantage or a desire to protest against the miserable conditions in which many Frenchmen find themselves.

Most Americans have not begun to face the "disesteem" in which the United States is held abroad. This article pairs nicely with Milton Graham's "Anti-Americanism, British Garden Variety" (summer, 1952). Professor of Sociology at the University of Minnesota, ARNOLD M. ROSE was a Fulbright scholar in France in the year 1951-52. His most recent book is *Union Solidarity: the Internal Cohesion of a Labor Union* (University of Minnesota Press).

Many of the French who hate the United States at the same time like and admire us and are ultimately favorable to the basic elements of our foreign policy. A principle of social psychology is that attitudes are seldom consistent, and one should not expect French attitudes toward the United States to be more consistent than anybody's attitudes are toward simpler issues. Frenchmen seem to like us for our directness and lack of ostentation. Most of them have an intense admiration —mixed with the greatest envy—for our productive capacity and comfortable standard of life. A good number of them are fascinated by anything American: *Reader's Digest* has been for several years the magazine with the highest circulation in France, and American movies attract the largest audiences. And fundamentally most French people know that their liberty and independence, and even prosperity, are linked up with an interested American foreign policy. Further, France is a proud nation which regards itself as superior to *all* other nations in many important ways: it is usually just as negative toward other nations as it is toward the United States now. In this sense France is very much like the United States, which also regards itself as superior and which also regards itself as a nation to which other peoples should want to come, rather than as a nation from which some of its citizens leave as emigrants.

In what sense, then, can it be said that most Frenchmen are anti-American? It is that they have imaginatively and perhaps unconsciously constructed a myth, called it the United States, and appear to be satisfying a great need in expressing hatred against it and using it as a scapegoat. Sketched roughly and perhaps with slight exaggeration, the myth appears as a giant, physically healthy and full of energy, but crude, ignorant, reactionary, and without a soul. This creature—whose "instincts" (one cannot use the term "values" for the desires of a soulless beast) are directed solely toward the accumulation of wealth, physical labor at a destroying speed, and simple amusements like drinking Coca-Cola and whiskey, and viewing banal films and comic strips—is of course incapable of understanding the finer aspects of life like good food, love, leisure, intellectual conversation, and the arts. This soulless giant, tolerable in its place behind the ocean, now has become imperialistic and wants to make war on Russia. It is in the process of occupying France and other nations, just as the Nazis occupied France to make war on their enemies. Such a myth is believed

by a great majority of Frenchmen—with finer details, extensions and slight modifications for some. Some French who call themselves "pro-American" are distinguished from anti-Americans simply by being in favor of the giant occupying France so that it can operate against a more dangerous monster, Soviet Russia. But most of these "pro-American" French still believe that America is crude and soulless, is imperialistic and wants war.

There are exceptions, of course, even among the intellectuals. One of them recently declared to me—not in a spirit of self-praise but of loneliness—"I believe I am the only writer today in France who does not feel a compulsion to refer to the United States in terms of certain negative stereotypes." And one occasionally meets a Frenchman in any social class who is thoroughly open-minded about the United States. But one cannot help wondering about such "pro-Americans" as the famous scholar who closed a series of newspaper articles, in which he painted a glowing picture of the national achievements of the United States, with a whole article devoted to the uncivilized crudity of the Americans and who likened American imperialism in Western Europe, Korea, and Japan today to the imperialism of France in North Africa and Indo-China in pre-World War I days.

Not only is it *not* the making of pro-American statements which exempts one from the current French disease of anti-Americanism (comparable to "some of my best friends are Americans"), but also it is *not* the making of criticisms about the United States which makes one anti-American. Americans have a strong tradition of making self-criticisms and one can get a distorted picture of the United States through reading only our newspapers and even our best magazines. And we have always had the highest respect for foreign visitors—from Tocqueville to Myrdal—who have had strong, but honest, criticisms to make of the United States. Listen to Raymond Aron today:

> You Americans have created an Iron Curtain, too. For thirty years now you have prevented good immigrants from freely entering your country; for forty years you have had prohibitive tariff barriers against good European products; and now your McCarran Act cannot distinguish a humanist from a Communist in keeping foreign visitors out of your country.

This is honest, hard-hitting criticism, completely factual and not "anti-American" in our definition at all.

Let me take the discussion out of the higher intellectual atmos-

phere and show how anti-Americanism expresses itself among ordinary Frenchmen. There was the lady who listened eagerly to the discussion of labor-saving devices available to the average American housewife, and then said, "But why have you sent so many soldiers to France?" And there was the Frenchman who exclaimed almost triumphantly at the number of deaths due to automobile accidents in the United States over the Christmas holiday (he neglected to think of the Paris automobile accident rate.) There was the lady in the restaurant who exclaimed to her companion, "Pauvre France!" regarding six Americans who were chatting audibly but not too noisily at a nearby table. There was the man at the zoo watching a panther have diarrhoea and who felt is necessary to say, "Voilà la production de Coca Cola!" And one hears, too frequently to count, how Americans think only in terms of accumulating money, how Americans drink too much, how Americans cannot appreciate the beauties of Paris. (It is not our purpose here to refute these or other accusations, but statistics show that France is far ahead of the United States in consumption of alcohol, far behind the United States in contributing to worthy social causes and in making income tax payments, and few Americans who have seen Paris, I believe, have failed to "write home about it" in extravagant terms.)

Public opinion polls, conducted by the *Institut Français d'Opinion Publique*, show that fully 50 per cent of a cross-section of Frenchmen in April, 1950, believed that France is no longer an independent nation in its foreign affairs; 33 per cent in April, 1948, expected a serious economic crisis in the United States within two years (and another third were without opinions); only 25 per cent in September, 1949, thought the Marshall Plan was definitely a "good thing"; only 24 per cent in January, 1945, thought the United States was the country which would aid France most to recuperate after the war (as compared to 25 per cent saying that Russia would be); only 20 per cent in May, 1945, felt that the United States was the country with which it was most important to maintain close relations (as compared to 33 per cent saying "Russia"); only 37 per cent in February, 1950, thought it was a "good thing" for the French army to receive war materials from the United States.

It is not possible, at present, to give a scientifically satisfying explanation of anti-Americanism in France. No adequate study of causes

has been attempted (although public opinion studies have been conducted on the expression of anti-Americanism), and the attitude is so complex that it is doubtful whether a small study would uncover more than would the general historical and logical analysis that we shall attempt here. It is most important for the analyst to discount and to check any of his own biases, which can easily creep into cross-cultural evaluations and which can be most destructive of a well-intentioned effort to understand what is hindering good relations between two highly civilized and democratic peoples.

I believe it comes as a shock to most Americans to learn that anti-Americanism is so strong in France. Despite all our xenophobic racist derogation of other peoples, the use of the epithet "frog," and constant complaints against French bureaucracy and lack of sanitation, few Americans were ever systematically anti-French. On the contrary, ever since Lafayette and Franklin, there has been a tendency to think of France in the warmest of terms. Even the diplomatic tension of the late 1790's and the 1860's did not penetrate to the average American, and the brief hostility generated among some American soldiers during the First World War was dissipated in the glorification of Foch and Clemenceau. In a xenophobic culture such as ours, this admiration for France could be maintained only by isolation. Except for a few artists and literary people, Americans have been isolated from no other European country so much as from France, mainly because French immigrants did not stream to our shores (at least without having spent a significant time under other flags in North America). The reverse side of this coin is that the French people never really had the opportunity to see America growing up. There were no immigrants to write home, and so there could be few of the real admirers of America that one finds so frequently in countries like Italy and Sweden. Tocqueville was a significant exception, but he could not be said to have ever been popular reading in France. To most Frenchmen the United States was some sort of savage appendage of England that suddenly around 1915 developed into a nation to be taken account of. This leads us to the minor observation that the United States suffers in French minds by identification with England. While overt hostility against England has been dormant for 130 years or so, the French did not positively admire the British (also considered as materialists, puritanical money-grubbers) during all that period. The French still speak of "Anglo-

Saxon" institutions with disdain. One thing that surprises most Americans is that their own country is also considered to be "Anglo-Saxon."

What contacts the French did have with Americans tended to be of an unhappy sort. The first impression of "Americans" for the bulk of the French was the experience with our soldiers in World War I. No army is a good ambassador, especially one that was homesick and which felt that being overseas gave it a license to do all sorts of things that could not be dreamed of at home. Our soldiers are typical Americans but they never act abroad as Americans act at home. They are as guilty of excesses as practically any other army. The next French contact was with the tourist of the 1920's. There had been American tourists in France before World War I, of course, but apparently few perceived them as distinctive from any other tourists. The tourists of the 1920's, at least the ones who came over in sufficiently large numbers and engaged in sufficiently deviant behavior to strike the attention of the average Parisian, did not make a favorable impression. They were, according to the French, loud, demanding, complaining, carefree, irresponsible, narrow-minded and materialistic. While the French probably paid more attention to those who fitted this pattern than to the perhaps more numerous tourists who did not, there can be little doubt that there were many tourists of that type, especially during the raucous '20's. The fact that tourists are on a "holiday" makes them especially irresponsible and the fact that they spend money extravagantly identified them with the European rich, who are not popular with the lower classes. The distinctive group of Americans coming to France in recent years have been the soldiers of World War II, some of whom again behaved badly. Our army was an important source of the black market, especially in 1944-45, and many individual soldiers were rude and uncouth; furthermore they got the girls. It is no wonder that the French do not like "Americans" if they think all Americans are like the obnoxious ones they have seen under unfavorable circumstances. But this cannot be the solid basis for anti-Americanism; perhaps not even a major factor, because the French have received many other impressions of the United States and they seldom act negatively toward Americans they meet on an individual basis.

The French have likewise not seen the best of American culture. They see what is advertised and sold to them: they see the Coca Cola, the chewing gum, the big sleek cars, the canned foods, and a dispro-

portionate share of the poorer movies (some American films attracting adult crowds in Paris are the kind we send our kids to on Saturday afternoons). They do not see our skepticism toward government, our useful voluntary associations, our tradition of experimentation, our hospitality. Only recently have they been seeing our paintings, architecture and modern home furnishings (although there has been contact for some time with some of our writers). Europeans usually do not realize that most Americans have learned to resist advertising, to pick and choose among the many products competitively advertised, to drink Coca Cola or a similar drink when we are thirsty in the afternoon rather than with our meals. When the Europeans react or resist, they often add an emotional twist which becomes generalized into anti-Americanism.

Communist propaganda as a factor in anti-Americanism has to be considered, but should not be given as much weight as it is usually given in current American discussion. In the first place, the French are prodemocratic and they know propaganda when they see it (at least as much as do the masses of any other nation). Secondly, propaganda is seldom rapidly successful unless it can operate on a strongly held sentiment or attitude already present in the population. Thirdly, there is some effective counter-propaganda—especially that by the French liberal organization, *Paix et Liberté*—although it does not have the advantage of being backed up by personal contact.

Nevertheless, we must acknowledge Communist propaganda as a factor: even when not adept at creating pro-Soviet sentiment, it can be very clever in creating anti-American sentiment. The peculiar strength of Communist propaganda lies in the fact that Marxist ideology has penetrated very deeply into even anti-Communist thinking in France. For example, even among the managers of industry, there is the conception that "capitalistic nations" are concerned only with profits and not with the welfare of citizens or social progress. Thinking in Marxist terms about social matters is rarely questioned in the universities, despite the free play of criticism on most other topics in French intellectual life. Even those known as anti-Marxists accept Marx's basic principles and confine their criticism to the fine points of Marxism. The USSR—as the land of Marxism—is thus conceived to be "basically good," even if it is recognized to have gone completely contrary to its ideals, and the United States—as the land

of capitalism—is conceived to be "basically evil and reactionary," even though many of its concrete actions may be recognized as generous and amazingly progressive.

Allied with this is the peculiar misconception that the United States government is dominated by "Wall Street"; in France the "capitalist political parties" are controlled by capitalists. Even an educated pro-American Frenchman would regard it as a joke if he were told that the farmers' groups have more influence in Washington than the financial or business groups. One leading Frenchman recently, in announcing his pro-Americanism, said he would rather be dominated by Wall Street than by the Kremlin. But imagine how this sits with the average Frenchman who does not wish to be the "slave of an exploiting capitalist." Further, the Frenchman believes that American influence has forced his government to be conservative; it might even be that the run-of-the-mill French politician himself believes this, since his Marxist preconceptions would lead him to this belief. It would not be believed that Americans would like to see a more liberal and progressive government in France unless the United States government should explicitly say so, and the United States government avoids interfering that way in French domestic politics.

Communist propaganda has, on the other hand, a good deal of basis in fact, for the United States has done many things that would have met French antipathy even without it. (1) During the war, the United States snubbed De Gaulle, who—although personally disliked by many Frenchmen—was the head of the Free French government. The United States dealt with Darlan, who was widely regarded as a traitor, and with Giraud, an unknown. There were some good military reasons for this, but they were secret until after the war. It should be remembered that most Americans were opposed to Roosevelt's policy vis-à-vis France in 1942, but whereas Americans later forgot this, many Frenchmen did not. (2) Before the war, the United States' foreign policy was weak because it was isolationist, whereas France, for all its faults, could see the menace of Hitler and tried to save the whole Western world. The United States took the credit for winning the war, but did not take the blame for helping to allow the war to break out in the first place. This criticism is especially effective in the hands of Communists, since it is held not to apply to the USSR, and since the French Communists were the leaders of the Resistance. (3) The

French find McCarthy and MacArthur incomprehensibly jingoistic and militaristic, and perhaps believe that these gentlemen have more influence in the United States than they actually have—which, of course, is still too much. (4) American racism is abhorred in France, as it is indeed in most of the world, and extreme violations of Negro civil rights are front-page news for weeks in French newspapers. (5) The United States has been making alliances with reactionaries like Franco and Chiang Kai Shek. Frenchmen were amazed when President Truman said he did not like the Franco government and they did not believe that he was sincere. (6) Americans are now in France in large numbers and are outcompeting the French for many desirable consumers' goods, especially housing, which is in very short supply. (7) There are other specific things about the United States which Frenchmen do not like. The United States is now in the floodlight. Everything we do, individually or collectively, is watched skeptically. Just as important is the fact that France does not understand the United States; the latter is much too big, too diversified, too changing for a relatively small, homogeneous, and tradition-bound nation to comprehend. All these things are grist for the Communist propaganda mill.

A consideration of Communist propaganda leads us to some other factors behind French anti-Americanism. One is that the French non-Communists, except maybe a few owners of large industry, do not fear the French Communists. The PCF (Parti Communiste Français) seems somewhat like any other political party to most Frenchmen. It is considered to be the party of the industrial workers as there is a party for the farmer (Paysan) and for the small shopkeeper (Radical Socialist). A content analysis of political propaganda for the 1946 election, made by E. H. Zerner, shows little difference between the Communist Party and other parties in the type of major appeals made. During the German Occupation, the Communist Party was the only private association strong enough to organize a systematic resistance, and so it seemed a haven for many patriotic Frenchmen. Quite a number of Frenchmen believe that the assumption of political power by the French Communists would entail few changes in their social system. Several have stated that the French are too individualistic to take well to Communist collectivism. An eminent "pro-American" social scientist said to me, apropos of a discussion of the fall of the

Pleven government, "You think French politics are terribly unstable, don't you?" (As a matter of fact, I believe that real French politics—aside from the question of who happens to be premier—are much too stable and conservative, permitting little change except by revolution.) "But really politics in France are very stable, since there is a basic agreement among all parties. If the Communists should come to head the government, they would make some economic changes that would benefit the working class at the expense of the industrialists, but they would make few changes in the basic governmental structure or culture. So we don't fear our Communist Party much."

There is a large element of truth in this man's conclusion as well as in his basic premise of French stability: most French Communists, like most Frenchmen, are probably very decent people and within the limits of their imaginations, well-motivated. But, alas, they would last only a few months after their party assumed power. Except possibly for the very top, Moscow-trained leaders, Communist Party members would be liquidated faster than any other group in the population if their party came to power. The agitators never make good commissars, and one cannot simply fire an agitator who actually made the revolution. That this lesson from contemporary history is not understood by most Frenchmen means that the possibility of Communism in France does not terrify many Frenchmen.

But many Frenchmen do get very worried about the Russians—even so irrationally worried that they attribute superhuman powers to them. Some of this is below the surface of consciousness since Frenchmen claim to be apathetic toward Russia. Some of the French workers may be convinced that the Russian workers are their brothers, but most Frenchmen seem frightened silly by the Communist leaders and the Russian culture. If America is a land of savages, so is Russia—whence comes the neat "a plague on both your houses" attitude of the neutralists. The French have heard of the pillaging of Poland, Eastern Germany, and Austria, and want none of that. Not feeling strong enough to resist—and this feeling will have to be analyzed further—their attitude becomes one of "let's not provoke the Bear." When the USSR becomes nasty, the Frenchman becomes worried and even panicky and wants above all to calm the situation. When the USSR shows signs of friendliness, the Frenchman wants to believe in the Soviet's sincerity so hard that he talks as though the millenium

of peace were at hand if only the United States would shut up. Truly many Frenchmen are today in as great a state of hysteria as our McCarthyites on the other side. Optimism and pessimism alternate faster in France than do its governments. In this situation, international political attitudes are oriented toward the Soviet Union, as much on the part of the non-Communist as on the part of the Communist. United States foreign policy is the great nuisance to such an attitude: it does not respond to Soviet overtures and it reacts against Soviet hostility. "Damn the Americans" thus becomes an essential element in the thinking of the non-Communist Frenchman.

A basic premise in the above discussion is that the Frenchman does not want war. I know that the great majority of the American people and the present American government do not want war, and one can suspect this is true of many other peoples and governments, even those behind the Iron Curtain. But this is not the same thing as the French people's and French government's abhorrence of war. The French fear and hate war with all their emotions, thoughts and passions. Many of them would give up everything—presently some of them would prefer to be slaves—rather than go into another war. They have seen war at its worst; many of them were literally slaves of the Nazis; their civilians as well as their soldiers "knew what it was to lie awake all night in fear" and not to know how to get sufficient food. The French are a highly civilized and intellectualized people; they were highly sensitive to the war and to the occupation. They even reacted to the victory of 1945 with hysterical overoptimism and so had a greater letdown than their more realistic neighbors (although Carlo Levi says the same thing happened to the Italians.) War for the French is not simply the death of soldiers as it is for the Americans, not simply bombings and privation as it is for the British; for the French it is also a constant "fear of death" for everyone and a great "tiredness." Now, if one holds this attitude, the devising of techniques to avoid war—such as the American and British governments are engaged in—seems to contain the risk of war and is therefore evil. Thus, from the standpoint of French logic, America is a warmonger. It is as simple as this for the non-Communist Frenchman: (1) Russia is the aggressor nation; (2) a war requires two sides; (3) the United States hopes to prevent war and greater Russian expansion by strengthening itself and Europe; (4) therefore the United States provides the potential

"other side" in a possible future war and is thus the warmonger of today.

The United States threatens France with war in yet another way. It now has blinders on and can see only one potential enemy. But the Frenchman thinks he can see another: a renascent Germany. Many believe that if Americans going to Germany would look at the people, instead of merely the government or the factories or the clean toilets, they would see a people who have never admitted defeat and who, in a way, consider war a positive value; not all Germans, to be sure, but enough to make the "desire for war" a significant element in German culture. That this opinion has strong grounding in fact can be seen from public opinion studies now being carried on in Germany. (See, for example, "What Germans Think—and Why" by Roberta Siegel in the September, 1951, *Commentary*). The American government does not see this (despite the fact that its own research arm in Germany provides direct information on it), and it threatens its allies, except possibly Britain, by proposing to rearm Germany. Of course, this provides France with the motivation to rearm a bit herself (as both conservative *Figaro* and Socialist *Populaire* argue), but it also makes Frenchmen anti-American. It makes Frenchmen think that Americans are militaristic like the Germans, and with the propensity of many Americans to favor German efficiency and cleanliness, it associates the United States with hated Germany in many French minds.

The United States has proved disappointing to Frenchmen in other ways. There is the startling finding of the *Institut Français d'Opinion Publique* that, in June, 1945, 64 per cent of a cross section of Frenchmen said that the United States disappointed their expectations during the previous year (only 12 per cent said this of Russia). Although there were some good special reasons for this postwar letdown, such as the behavior of American troops and the black market, this expression of French opinion is mainly a reflection of the unrealistic French optimism that came with the Liberation and of a failure of the United States to provide much economic aid to the war-beaten country. When economic aid was finally forthcoming after 1947, via the Marshall Plan, it did not make many Frenchmen friendlier toward the United States for reasons which are quite obvious. (1) The Marshall Plan was a reaction against the Russians, and it brought tremors

of a possible new war. (2) The Marshall Plan came late, and it was therefore not regarded as an act of generosity but as an act in the selfish interests of the United States. (The polls show that fully half of the French adult population interpreted it as a means of maintaining markets for a staggering American economy.) (3) Coupled with this is the fact that the French have little tradition of philanthrophy, except through the church, and thus tend to regard any philanthropy, even that coming in proper time and without any obvious political motive, with skepticism or amusement. (4) The United States did not insist that its largesse be labelled as coming from the States, and most businessmen preferred to take the credit (and the cash) themselves. This was especially possible because of the complicated way economic aid reaches the people: it is difficult to explain that the United States is giving aid to France when the Frenchman knows that he is paying for his purchases with hard cash; he does not see this cash staying in France to build a dam, and the workers on the dams do not seem to get anything free when they put in a hard day's labor for their ordinary wages. (5) In its early days, the Marshall Plan made little or no effort to benefit the ordinary man in the street; it was "hard-headedly" concerned with building capital equipment, and the semi-feudal economy of France did not permit many of the economic benefits of capital-building to seep down to the workers. Thus the average Frenchman reading of American aid in his newspaper could with much justice say that all the money was going to the rich bastards. The ECA (now MSA) has now largely rectified its program, but as far as French public opinion is concerned it is too late. In fact, it is now much worse, since most American aid is coming in the form of military supplies, and Frenchmen see these both as threats of war and as substitutes for economic benefits they "really need."

One might think that French businessmen would, at least, be pro-American, since they have benefited economically so much from the Marshall Plan and since they have so much to lose from possible Russian domination. But they are not less anti-American than most other elements in the population, even though they seldom express their attitudes publicly. The reasons are made clear in almost any frank conversation. (1) French industry cannot compete with American industry in the world market or even in the French market. (2) What independent person likes his benefactor, or creditor, especially when

the latter is distant and impersonal? (3) The Americans, in their drive for more production are always preaching to the French industrialists, always holding themselves up as a model for French industry to copy. Of course, French industry cannot simply copy techniques that have been developed in an American cultural setting, without making many carefully thought-out changes that would allow the techniques to adjust to the rest of the culture. (4) The Americans do not really explain their techniques adequately to the French: they explain them the way they—as Americans—see them, not as Frenchmen might see them. The Frenchman learns from his teacher how the techniques work in the United States; he does not learn how the techniques can be applied to his own factory.

The backwardness of French industry is a symptom of another basic cause of anti-Americanism: the true conservatism and traditionalism of Frenchmen of all political affiliations. Few have analyzed this so well as the great French historian, Marc Bloch, who was killed by the Germans while working in the Underground in 1944. The following passage is taken from his book, *The Strange Defeat*, which is perhaps the most brilliant analysis of France's weaknesses yet written, and which has been curiously (or consequently) rather ignored in France as well as abroad.

> Recommendations to return to a rural life are not exclusively a phenomenon of the Defeat. There was an entire literature of renunciation well before the war. It stigmatized "Americanism." It denounced the dangers of the machine and of progress. It praised, in contrast, the peaceful calmness of our countryside, the fineness of civilization in our small towns, the congeniality and at the same time the hidden force of a society which invited one to remain more and more resolutely faithful to the life of the past.

The great stability and traditionalism of France have been obscured by the revolutions on the political surface and the rapid turnover of ministeries. But it is one of the most important elements of France's culture, and it explains a basic, if unconscious, hostility toward a nation which has become a symbol of dynamic change. And the more America emphasizes its progressivism, the more the French are repelled.

We come finally to the factor in the explanation of French anti-Americanism which is most complex and which is embarrassing to consider for one who is genuinely fond of French culture and of the French people. France was the most powerful and cultured nation in

the Western world in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, but it began to decline with the political upsets of the nineteenth century. France was hurt harder by the First World War than any other nation, not excluding its defeated enemy, and deteriorated noticeably after the war. The manifestations of this in French economy, politics, demography, housing, public health and so on, and its manifold causes are much too broad and complex to consider in less than a full volume, but many authors have provided the unhappy documentation (see, for example, the factual essays in *Modern France*, edited by E. M. Earle). After the defeat of 1940, a moral blow as much as a physical one, many foreigners refused to consider France a great power any longer, and this attitude has lasted well beyond the end of the War. How does it feel to live in a country which many observers call a "dying" civilization? It is made worse by the refusal to talk frankly about France's weaknesses and by the Frenchman's feeling that foreigners despise France even when they do not say so. Frenchmen's reactions are all the human ones imaginable—really much more sane than the Germans' reactions after the defeat of 1918. Some Frenchmen exaggeratedly cultivate the fields in which they still excel. Others have an unhappy inferiority feeling vis-à-vis the United States and other countries. Still others retreat into philosophical cults of one kind or another. And, among still other human reactions, there is intense envy of the new nation "on top," which is anti-Americanism. In the same way, anti-Americanism is a means of maintaining self-respect—a kind of resistance to recognition of their own weaknesses. Britain may have something of this problem, too, having been the great nation of the nineteenth century; but Britain is still struggling for top place, and it had a victory in 1945 to sustain it. One need only compare the morale which Churchill has brought to the British (regardless of whether one votes for him or not) with the relations of *any* French politician to the French public, to see the difference between the two nations. Britain's economy may be in worse shape than that of France but one would never guess it to listen to the respective Treasury ministers. If France shows up poorly in this comparison, we can still admire her for good sense relative to that shown by Germany and Spain under like circumstances, and we can wonder if the United States would behave as rationally and gracefully when, at some future date, it may decline as the world's greatest power.

Such are the causes of anti-Americanism in France, as they appear to a sympathetic American. Probably a deeper probing would expose a more complex causation. And one must not neglect such truistic sociological axioms as that a culture pattern, once established, tends to maintain itself as a tradition by its own inertia, that many people regard their own habits as the best, that moderates tend to seek the relative middle even when it is close to an absolute extreme. (French intellectuals, especially, sometimes show their "unbiased" moderation by being anti-American, not too much but also not too little.) Finally, we must point to the intellectualistic tendency of most Frenchmen to criticize everything. Skepticism is much more a French cultural trait than is optimism, especially among intellectuals, and France is much more influenced by its intellectuals than the United States is. Skepticism works particularly against the United States these days even if it does not positively favor Russia.

What should the United States do about all this? Since an answer involves a prediction for the future as well as an analysis of the contemporary scene, any answer is little more than a value-loaded guess. I would favor forbearance: The British were hated by many people on the Continent for over a hundred years, and yet managed to get along very well. Americans might well question whether their reformist zeal might not serve them badly when it comes to tackling a problem like anti-Americanism. The United States, oriented toward the future (even though sometimes without perspective), can easily push too hard on a country like France, which is oriented toward the past.

Further, the United States should clarify its policies and attitudes toward France, so that Frenchmen will not labor under the peculiar misconceptions they have of American foreign policy as imperialistic, reactionary, and militaristic. It must be made completely clear and public that the United States is not promoting any particular form of domestic government or economy, and is concerned only about a strong policy against imperialistic Communism. This implies, among other things, that we have to learn to invite and consider seriously specific criticisms of our foreign policy. The United States is not always right in everything it does in the foreign policy field, and we have to make clear that we are willing to change our policies, on the basis of

democratic decision and within the framework of the basic policy against Russian imperialism.

On the other hand, America must not take too seriously French public opinion at any one given moment in formulating its foreign policies. We have our own mental disorders to cope with without being too much concerned with those of France. And we have more difficult problems among our other allies: the medieval dictatorship of Spain, the serious cleavage in Greece, the renascent fascism in Germany. We need to understand more about other countries, and be less concerned about whether we like them or other people like us. The French cannot but dislike us at this stage of history, but that need not affect our good relations with them if we understand what is bothering them. A bit of casualness on our part toward French anti-Americanism may also help the French people; mental disorders always thrive on frenzied solicitude. Most of all, we can give France a basic confidence: the insecurity which is part of the basic cause of France's anti-Americanism may be diminished by a strong confidence. France has still so much that is good and admirable that all will benefit by not letting her give way to her own weaknesses. And finally, not to neglect the crudeness of reality, we must remember that an abandonment of France by the United States is what the gentlemen in the Kremlin have been avidly hoping and working for.

Office Party

By DAVID IGNATOW

The hips go circling in the slow suggestive manner
of the loving. This is wild music they hear:
the cymbals whine, the trumpet jitters
the trumpet player, his fingers panicked
over the keys; and the drum rolls long
pounding waves. This is wild music after five,
and the husband home tossing a paper
in his seat. Shove aside the filing cabinets,
get the pencils out of sight and rub off
the carbon stain from your fingers.
Cut loose! The jazzmen pouring it on
get fifty dollars for the night.
How they play for their money!

DAVID IGNATOW, Associate Editor of the *Beliot Poetry Journal*, is at present Instructor in Modern Poetry in the Adult Education program of New York State. The author of a book of poems (Decker, 1948), he is now preparing a second volume for publication in 1952.

Books - - - -

Little Boy Blue and the Beautiful Rose

By WILLARD N. MARSH

In the House and Out. By Samuel Yellen. Indiana University Press, 1952. $2.75.

The Stubborn Root. By Joseph Joel Keith. University of Nebraska Press, 1952. $3.

From Time to Time. By John Ciardi. Twayne Publishers, Inc., 1951. $2.50.

The Catch. By T. Weiss. Twayne Publishers, Inc., 1951. $2.25.

Question on a Kite. By Nathaniel Burt. Charles Scribner's Sons, 1950. $2.

Beauty and Richness. By George Moor. William Maclellan, Glasgow, 1951. $.95.

Relations and Contraries. By Charles Tomlinson. The Hand And Flower Press, Aldington: Kent, 1951. One shilling.

People who have been children have been dispossessed. Whether the eye of childhood was fresh and revealing, weak and misleading, they are reconciled to having lost it somewhere along the way. The people who refuse to reconcile, who still use this original insight instead of an adult's calm and preconceived vision, are either lunatics or poets. (The distinction is academic, judging from the staggering number of poetry books that manage not to get sold each season.) According to Samuel Yellen, who is nobody's lunatic, "Each of us has a minikin ambassador." Most of us have severed diplomatic relations with ours. Mr. Yellen hasn't. As a consequence, he has a pipeline into the country where we came from, and it's nice to hear the news from home.

> Here is a world where syntax and logic are unborn,
> Things hold together without glue or nails.
> The living die easily showing no surprise;
> Quickly they rise again. These dead men tell tales.

The poems aren't necessarily *about* childhood. But there is this child's excitement at an environment that hasn't had time to grow stale and pre-

dictable, this willingness to go at a child's gait "In a world of giant inches," to turn over the taken-for-granted rocks, to

> Lift white petal and behold
> The wilderness on this plant:
> See aphid ravage leaf,
> And small ant murder ant.

There is the child's stubborn small refusal to believe that life is as congruous as chemistry and love as reducible as reflex, that

> These are the hands that will fail me,
> And these are the eyes;
> These are the feet that will falter,
> And this the heart;
> These lungs will not hold enough breath
> To stain a glass;
> Each tube, each valve, each hinge
> Will come apart.

Neither is he willing to believe that people named Rafael, Anna, Denise, were "Last seen going east, destination a crematorium," knowing that it really never happened: "Once upon a time. Say it again. *Once upon a time.*"

Like any child who hasn't yet learned that because a thing's in print it's so, Mr. Yellen discovers incongruity between his newspaper and his surroundings, even down to the personal columns:

> Middle-aged woman . . . Seeks adventure via correspondence,
> Easement, margin where time now cramps and pinches,
> Diversion, experience, warmth, abundance
> Where life has denied, sitting on its thin haunches.
>
> Solitary young introvert, disillusioned, cynical,
> Educated beyond endurance, bored, bored, bored,
> Versatile, intelligent, creative, highly original,
> Hopeful of striking responsive chord. . . .

And elsewhere asks, with a child's disarming innocence:

> Oh, are we not lucky to be none of these!
> We can look on with complacent eye:
> Our satisfactions satisfy,
> Our pleasures, our pleasures please.

Mr. Yellen's volume is the selection of seven years' work, from eleven different magazines (including this one). The numbers are a lucky combination, and so are the poems. Some are a little less lucky, when for instance

Mr. Yellen's wind plucks "for a place to take hold with tearing hand," or his fingers "clutch, lest the slippery prize be lost," or things get "lost, lost, irretrievably lost in the riddle of the womb." But if occasionally, as in the title poem, "the timbers groan," nevertheless "they will not be shaken loose. . . . The house is tight, the house will stand."

* * *

The prolific Joseph Joel Keith, with his seventh book of verse—ninety-six poems from seemingly as many magazines, here and abroad—is a child of a different era. When he is right, he can evoke a pleasant musty sense of gentility and disuse, a nostalgia for the simple bucolic scene, the drowsy porch where people talk of birth and death and nothing in particular, the nature that endures just as if there had never been an industrial revolution. The rimes all rime, the lines flow without jar, lag and echo in the proper places to make a pleasing melody for the unreflective ear. It's founded, it's basic, but it's a little too basic. What is seen is a child's pragmatic world of heroes and villains, kisses and cuffs, but what is reported is a child's bias, without shading or evaluation. The protagonists clutch, shriek, curse, cringe, lash, bash, claw; with fierce and evil groans, with rapture (brave, undying), or even with devil-may-care; at their dark dooms, their evil heavens, their black deeds. April kisses people and things too promiscuously, summer is a girl racing with blossoms on her wind-blown hair, all the widows are blind and the orphans sleep long, long on the wet, wet pillow. And when the discipline of rime is dispensed with, it's apt to be even less original (see "Fist of the Storm"):

> The fist of the storm
> lands,
> then moves in and out
> and in, with increasing fury
> pounds at the house.
> The door protests,
> the shutter flaps and the hinge
> whines.
> Only the window,
> like a thin and complacent face
> of a lady
> sure of herself,
> faces the robust
> and masculine threat:
>
> whole and unmarred and unshaken
> in the flashes of the storm's anger.

And puzzling enough, Mr. Keith knows better. In a number of places he offers some highly valid advice on writing:

> Made small by speech, the incapacious word,
> brought forth in embryo, cannot endure.
> Erase the half-said knowledge, half-said truth,
> a fool's pride in the premature.

And again, in one of the handsome lyrics of which he is capable, which yielded the title of his book:

> Let us reach, as we once reached
> for the high good fruit,
> for the slope's wild bloom, the small hurt hand
> guarding the stubborn root;
>
> Let us reach for ripened words,
> and for language deep
> as we nurture growth, for language high
> caught in a moment's leap—
> something to give, not keep.

As is evident, Mr. Keith has a thoroughly commendable desire to communicate at all costs. But there is nothing so uncommunicative, so private, as a platitude. It is not enough to have a sensitivity to beauty. No matter how fiercely you believe it—the beautiful rose, Oh the *beautiful* rose, God-*damn,* the beautiful rose—you still have to prove it.

* * *

For an entirely opposite reason, John Ciardi's poetry always reminds me of the writer who complained, "I can't understand it: I've rewritten this paragraph a dozen times and it still sounds labored-over." Quite a little labor must have gone into this book to have it read so smoothly. (Unless of course Mr. Ciardi is a genius, and tosses these things off with his left hand.) Again there is the familiar face of a child staring out from behind the stanzas, a rather vigorous Italian kid thumbing his nose at war (which he survived as a B-29 gunner), capital-I institutions, his own pretentiousness; loafing along seeing Midnight on a Side Street, Man in Bed with Asthma, Gulls from a Fantail; growing up to become a Harvard professor and report it all in a language as urbane and precise as T. S. Eliot's (another Harvard man), but with none of Eliot's chilliness. (But then Mr. Eliot probably never was a child.) And finally to suffer an amused despair at still not being able to get it down exactly:

> The die cast at the Rubicon
> Had a choice of six faces,

But the mind cast in the effigy of memory
Offers to plausibility the infinite faces of

Confusion. When we have gazed
probed
ventured sufficiently
Into our distances
hearts
causes we may have glimpsed
felt
scratched the thing.

Rather than continue in an attempt to undo the suggestion that Mr. Ciardi is merely an articulate William Saroyan, it might be more effective to devote the space to one of his autobiographies ("Child Horvald to the Dark Tower Came"):

Well, they loaded him with armor and left him
All night by the altar rail, and he was young,
And darks have voices when you pray to hear them,
And in the morning his lord unbuckled
And blessed his shoulder, and most were drunk yet
From the night wassail, and all the girls. . . .

At, say, sixteen can you doubt the dark and the girls?
The grail, they told him, *the grail*. And he: *I swear it.*

And so the tower rose beyond his dead horse
In the valley of drifted bones. He blew his horn then
(Noise of the true man), and unbuckled, and came twirling
The folderol sword hilted with girls' garlands
And of course *Blut und Ehre* sloganed on it,
And worse nonsense brave in his head.
And what would you
Do if you were the magician hearing
His boy-murderous blast shaking your phials and silences,
Watching him come shouting *St. Poobah and the dragon!*
Into your library and uncertainty?
It takes
More than civility to civilize
The very young. I say send out a peri
(If you've her address or her incantation),
Or drug him if you can, or conjure him on
To the bog of his own idiocy. But for Godsake
Don't let him into the house with his nice profile
All tensed for swordplay and lifting of heads
At arm's length over the fallen books.

Or if you've real
Magic, change him! change him!

* * *

The child who speaks through T. Weiss is more easily seen by proxy, in other people's children ("To Penny When She Comes of Reading Age"); in his niece Susan ("Panoramic Sue"):

Her chuckle is a huckle-
berried hill, as is her run-
ning and her fall, the ruddy ball
that bounces through her hands;
and all the wily sea resounds
in this tipt shell: an April-
rain is not so gay, so round.

Otherwise he is apt to be cryptic at times, confounding his doddering elders with insights and visions that, even more confoundingly, turn out to be the gospel. In other words he is the hardest to "get" of these seven poets, but because he says so much in so little space, he is well worth getting. The line length is short and piled, almost Germanic in its liberally-hyphenated-made-up-words, echoing with interior rimes, assonants and dissonants. (Not uncoincidentally, Mr. Weiss is the editor of "Selections from the Notebooks of Gerard Manley Hopkins.") The title is from the opening poem:

. . . we are in the middle of a great catch,
there collected as from her year-long
lonely rock, the thrashing clean-
scaled, clear-lit shad in the net.

The fish are the fish of free association, lively and varied, or running strongly in a school, as in the long poem, "Shades of Cæsar" (which has much of the pungency of MacLeish's "Conquistadores"). They are not difficult, but they were not written to be read between television commercials. Which brings us to the old question, *whose* happy medium is a poet supposed to strike? Should you insist that he be completely responsible to you? Suppose you are not a completely responsible person? If you require a poet to hit you between the eyes every time, and further complicate his task by wearing blinders, you're asking him to have a more accurate pitching arm than Allie Reynolds—at perhaps one two-hundredth the remuneration, if he is very lucky financially. But then poetry isn't a spectator sport. It doesn't take place until you participate. And perhaps this is what will keep it going in spite of the boxoffice; in spite of Abe Lincoln of Illinois (a pretty good writer and a most uncommon man), who was mistakenly thought to have

implied that it's democratic to be ignorant; in spite of Joe McCarthy of Wisconsin, who is making it a crime not to be ignorant; in spite of the little red schoolhouse, which is making it physically impossible not to be ignorant. If you happen to like a work of art, and some professor asks you to prove you like it, you have my permission to commit bodily assault upon him.

* * *

Nathaniel Burt is the son of Struthers Burt, the novelist and poet, and Katharine Newlin Burt, the novelist; but more particularly, he is a child of the sea. It pitches and pivots in his meter, lies behind it in its quiet lees. It is the whimsical scene where the Muse visits the sailor's radio shack ("Like a great spiteful aunt . . . her wings ample and clean, yet somehow second hand, frayed at the featherings"); it is felt in the wastes of New Jersey, as something the tide washed up and shouldn't have. Music is often the idiom ("The beautiful agony of gut / racked between peg and nut"), both as subject and predicate. The climate is Seeking (not as far back as the womb, but perhaps halfway back, to understanding), and the theme is Loss:

> Citizens and exiles, jews of the heart,
> we may behold our Canaan
> rich with vines and honey,
> but not settle.
> Some like spies may enter to bring back
> branches laden, small harvestsfull of promise;
> like bees covered with plunder
> distill a comb sad and delectable
> half liquor and half mourning.

The poems are unrimed, deceptively casual, yet have a feeling of sensuousness and dimension; though many are quite fragmentary, having to be fleshed out in typography with one and two word lines to give an illusion of greater content. But in answer to the title poem:

> Does it get away?
> Does it leave the ground
> and go up up and out,
> a black
> speck on the blue?. . .
>
> Yes, it definitely gets off the ground.

* * *

If Nathaniel Burt is a merman, George Moor is a sort of British pixy, weaving his low-keyed incantations from whatever the lonely landscape

offers. The language is earnest, completely un-selfconscious, and communicates a sense of breathless self-discovery—even when the exclamation marks cluster on lines that would have quite enough weight without them. (Look, Ma, I'm Writing!) He sings in a variety of keys, even the minor surrealistic ones ("as if a drunken saxophonist kept waving his silver trunk"; "caged blind in the flowing / of my hair like bright rains"), but the tune is always recognizable. His mellow irony is particularly effective in the short rimed biographies of the Brontes, Carlyle, D. H. Lawrence ("a look of Jesus and a gift as weird"), Spinoza (with his "God like an Epstein head"). Asia for Moor is very real, and when he discusses the east and Nirvana and Buddha ("whose leap to life the leap from life began"), the flavor is lush and oriental even though the discussion is still with himself, still intimate as eavesdropping. And if he is quietly appalled at robots on or off the drillground, he quarries deeper into his only source of continuity, himself:

Arrived at the essential limitation
As fruit, completing, wins its destined form,
One nourishes in selfless preparation
The steady Vision where oneself keeps warm,

And asks the world to come and share the fire.
Maturity befriends the beggar, gives
Its private wisdom out for public hire:
The saturated man by losing lives.

And as the oak irradiates new oaks,
The heavy father of his children trees,
He is the centre of the living spokes,
And grows by proxy in the wood he sees.

* * *

Charles Tomlinson is pretty angry and concerned at the necessity for war, for death, for division between peoples, for a limited democracy ("the empty table is your own"), for subways ("Though King Onan is governor of all jails / His brother rules advertisement which rules the rails"). He is even disgusted at having to be disgusted at the clinical aspects of sex (in a poem called "Disgust"). But it is constructive rather than carping, and he can turn his incisiveness on The Successful Artist, The Conscious Lover (both having curious similarities, incidentally), or just plain Rain in a Little French Town, with equal eloquence. He can even be wistful:

When we were young our mothers smiled, inclined
Like pretty asters nodding from a glass.
Along the matchwood stairways of the mind

Seeing a dress diaphanously pass,
We feel them watching still, for they would see
Whether the jewel and setting disagree.

They dreamed us, young, a larded metaphor,
A cardboard key with silver on its stem
To set impossibly ajar the door,
And mother-lands beyond to smile at them.
They come to ask how utterly we miss
Our sweet, soliciting, last late-night kiss.

Poor ghosts, through all that turbulence of flesh,
Kissed into ecstasy by every worm,
Would you ensnare us in your spirit-mesh
To sate those veins desires no longer warm?
Has death taught nothing matched against your will?—
It is the dead we living live to kill.

But I think he is mostly unhappy with the undeniable necessity for these Poems in Pamphlet (a monthly series). Or if he isn't, he should be. If you are antisocial enough to insist on being a poet, it's probably better to be published in any form rather than pack the manuscript around to read to your friends (if you have any). But the difference between a poet and a pamphleteer is nothing less than the difference between quality and quantity. Most writers who have tried both will agree that a considered poem takes longer to write than a considered short story, and is more difficult to revise. A book of poems can take more time and energy than a half dozen novels. How many book-length pamphlets has a poet got in his lifetime? He has already assumed he will never make a living from his poetry. But the least he could assume was that he might have a book some day, with hard covers that could occupy space on a (public) library shelf and not wear out in a month's handling. The very least he can assume is that his American cousins will support the best export to come out of the British Isles since Haig & Haig, and every bit as stimulating a shilling's worth.

MAN OF MANY PARTS

The Old Man and the Sea. By Ernest Hemingway. *Life Magazine*, September 1, 1952, 20¢; and Scribner's, $3.

As Hemingway grows older, his heroes age with him. He is a classic illustration of the truth of the critical contention that a sincere and honest writer writes always and eternally about some facet of himself.

In his first book, a collection of short stories called *In Our Time*, the central character through whose eyes the tales are lived is a midwestern, outdoor-loving youth. Hemingway was little more than such a youth when he wrote them. In *Farewell to Arms* we follow the tragic love story of a nurse and an American soldier serving in the Italian army through the emotions of the soldier, whose experiences closely paralleled those of the author in World War I. In *The Sun Also Rises* the teller of the tale was a war veteran living in Paris, as was Hemingway. This particular veteran was impotent because of a war wound, a condition which probably did not duplicate the author's own experiences since he has since taken unto himself several wives and sired a number of children. But in age, professional occupation, economic circumstances and, one imagines, in psychological attitudes, the parallel between author and central character continues.

Hemingway went to Spain to watch the bull fights and drink wine with the matadors and we got *Death in the Afternoon.* He went big game hunting in Africa and we got a number of first class short stories and *The Green Hills of Africa.* Came the Spanish Civil War, which Hemingway covered as a correspondent, and there resulted several more books celebrating violence and blood and courage. The title of one of these, "The Fifth Column," has become an integral part of our language. The most notable of the Spanish Civil War books was *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, where once again, although certain external circumstances were changed, the hero was pretty much of the same age and disposition as the author.

Then came silence for a few years, followed by *Across the River and into the Trees.* The critics kicked this one around rather roughly. I didn't think it was as poorly written as many critics claimed, but it lacked unity of concept and was surely below the high standard Hemingway had set for himself. And again the hero was a man of the author's age, now in the middle years, saddled with ill health, enjoying a final sexual fling with a 19-year-old countess in a final burst of wishfullfilment of waning powers.

Now, in the book which was recently released, the circle is completed, the actor has played his many parts on the stage of life and we are given the story of a worn-out old man whose courage and determination have outlasted his physical capacities. *The Old Man and the Sea* is a beautifully written tale of a few days in the life of an elderly fisherman. It is simple, unpreten-

tious, completely without ornateness. Had it been written by Joe Blow or John Doe it would scarcely have been noticed, not because of its lack of merit but because its merits are so unobtrusive. But since it was written by the Number One American novelist, it has been read with care and it will be widely hailed, and deservedly so, as a small work of art, a minor masterpiece.

The story line is so clean and concise that it can be condensed into a few words. The old man lives by fishing. For eighty-four days he has fished in vain. Because of his bad luck a boy whom he loves as a son has been forced to leave him for a luckier boat. The old man goes out alone on the eighty-fifth day, far out. He hooks a gigantic marlin, fights him for two days and nights, finally subdues him, tows him toward port, and loses him to sharks on the way in. That's all there is to it.

What gives the tale impact is largely the personal struggle between man and fish. The man uses his back and shoulders as a towing bitt, instead of attaching the line with a few round turns to some part of the boat. Consequently the man is in discomfort and pain for the forty-eight hours. This makes for a good story but seems unnecessary from the point of view of practical fishing. There was no reason why the old man could not have taken a turn with his line around some inanimate object and slacked away as the fish put on more pressure. Hemingway said the line might break unless the old man warped it across his back. But when a tugboat is towing a liner, the man on the towline does not find it necessary to test the tension with his entire body. He takes a few round turns and as he feels the tension increase on the end he is holding, he gives slack.

This point interfered with my appreciation of the tale but once one accepts the author's conditions, and forgets about the unnecessary punishment of the old man's back, the story becomes completely absorbing. It is a successful literary effort. But not so successful as the editors of *Life* maintain. These gentlemen hailed their own perspicacity in printing the story with enthusiasm, which is pardonable or almost pardonable. However, to increase Hemingway's stature, they found it needful to take snide cracks at the reputations of Scott Fitzgerald and John Dos Passos, an attitude which seems without justification.

The Old Man and the Sea is a highly pleasing three-day wonder but I doubt that it will become immortal or even that it will hold up ten years from now with other earlier works of Hemingway. It is a book for reading once. I read it twice, once for pleasure and the second time as preparation for this review. The first time was the most fun, which is not the usual reaction to a really great book. I feel no urge to read it again, though some day I will assuredly go back to *Farewell To Arms* and *The Sun Also Rises.* They are as honest and as important as *Tender Is the Night* and *Forty-Second Parallel,* while the book under discussion lacks their depth and significance.

RIDGELY CUMMINGS
Hollywood, California

FROM IRAN TO FINLAND

The United States and Turkey and Iran. By Lewis V. Thomas and Richard N. Frye. Harvard University Press, 1951. $4.25.

The Defense of Western Europe. By Drew Middleton. Appleton-Century-Crofts, 1952. $3.50.

The Near East and the Great Powers. Richard N. Frye, Editor. Harvard University Press, 1951. $3.50.

The Secretary of State remarked some time ago that because of the labors of today's scholars the present situation in the world is by no means "clouded in obscurity." On the contrary he observed that there is a "blinding light thrown upon it—in fact, so much light that the question arises whether the light is not too strong and too multi-colored for reading purposes." The books discussed here, Drew Middleton's study and that by Lewis V. Thomas and Richard N. Frye, as well as the volume of essays edited by Dr. Frye, *The Near East and the Great Powers*, are three of the 500 volumes which nongovernmental sources produce yearly on the general topic of international relations. Although they point up a number of multi-colored problems, the light they throw is illuminating rather than blinding.

One of the three, *The Defense of Western Europe*, is outstanding, and in line with the finest standards of reporting. The other two, though hardly of the same quality, complement Mr. Middleton's rather sketchy treatment of the Near East.

Taken together the three books form an admirable outline of the weakness and strength of that long barrier around the Soviet and satellite perimeter from Iran to Finland, which most planners regard as America's main line of resistance. All three are concerned with power in the broadest sense of the term. Each of the authors is conscious that military power today is the sum total of all the elements of national existence. In each there is the implicit concession that the be-all and end-all of that existence now lies in the achievement of power. Each recognizes that today the breastworks of national security do not consist simply of material things, of guns and production, but of spiritual things, of faith and understanding.

Drew Middleton, head of the New York *Times* European Bureau, takes it for granted that the defense of Western Europe is an act of will rather than of necessity. This conclusion follows from his thesis that armies are the product of determination rather than of circumstance. While in a totalitarian state that determination derives from the will of the few, in democratic states, like those of Western Europe, it must be the expression of the will of a popular majority. Thus in Western Europe a difficult choice must be made between the demands of current welfare and future warfare, while in Russia and the satellite states the choice is made by fiat.

The contrast between East and West which Mr. Middleton draws is more than disturbing, particularly since it seems that he is laying a

finger on the friendly scale of the balance. The fact that the Central European Bloc, not counting the USSR, now has more divisions than Western Europe *will have* is frightening when presented as a simple statement.

Standardization, the backbone of war production, has been imposed by decree in the Communist countries. Thus Soviet divisions, according to Middleton, are well armed with better planes, and with tanks and artillery which are as good, and in some cases better, than our own. The satellite divisions are also well armed. Since the Communist Man is expected to sacrifice the here and now to the when and if, there are plenty of soldiers on the line. They are there because those behind them work longer hours for whatever they are given. (Middleton does mention, however, that the USSR is handicapped by a lack of skilled labor.) In addition, the Iron Curtain countries have a common ideology in Stalinism and a governing personnel with a vested interest in making their ideology work. Hence the Communist bloc has a certain basic unity which Western Europe lacks. Middleton feels that there is little chance of mass defection in Central Europe in the event of war, that among the young there is much real enthusiasm for Communism. Contrast this with the state of free Europe.

Given the enormous military potential of Russia and the Soviet orbit, it would seem only common sense for the nations of Europe to join with the United States to do everything within their corporate power to build a force to deter the use of this potential. Between a clear situation and a logical reaction, however, there is the nebulous factor of man's predilection for the illogical. Why is it that the free men of Europe, the uncommon as well as the common men, are by and large unable to face the single, simple, self-evident necessity to rearm? The answer, according to Mr. Middleton, lies in a compound of unreasonable distrust, both of themselves and of the United States, of wishful forgetting and unfounded hope. Europe frequently tends to ignore the adage that one prepares against what the enemy can do rather than what one thinks he will do. Thus Middleton points out that there are the neutralists who, believing that anything is better than war, feel that they are best served by doing nothing. They are the ones who may declare that undoubtedly there is less chance that Russia will attack now than a few months ago. This attitude constitutes a sort of intellectual *je-m'en-fouism*, a persistent psychological exclusion of any and all reasonable forebodings. There is then, on the negative side, a deep sense of futility, except in certain countries such as Norway and Turkey.

On the positive side there are any number of reasons why Europe has not made more progress towards combat readiness. There is nationalism. In a European army does a German want to be commanded by a Frenchman? There is history. What enthusiasm has any Frenchman for German rearmament? What army in Europe will feel safe with an Italian unit on the right or the

left? There is the dream of social progress. How much social security will an Englishman sacrifice to purchase international security? The heritage of Western Europe is a thousand years of prejudices, a hundred years of dreams, and decades of melancholy experience with war. Perhaps what is remarkable is that Norway and Turkey, Finland, Greece and England are still willing to fight.

Mr. Middleton's respect for General Dwight D. Eisenhower—the hero of this book—knows no bounds. By and large he also has great respect for American troops in Europe. For the policy of the United States government he has somewhat less. He points out that contrary to our cherished belief, we are not held generally in high esteem in Europe. To achieve the respect of our allies is vital if we are to foster that sense of mutual confidence without which there can be no will to fight.

Because the new crusade against Communism inevitably puts the onus of responsibility squarely on our shoulders, Middleton's chapter, "How Europe Sees Us," is perhaps his most important. It is certainly the one on which he is most qualified to speak because of his long experience in Europe. It is his opinion, and it is my own as well, that our great failure in Germany and France lies in not having convinced the people that only rearmament can save the peace. To put it another way, we have given them nothing to fight for. We say that we are the land of permanent revolution. Yet to much of Europe we seem reactionary. ECA funds as Middleton points out, often enriched the "haves" without proportionately aiding the "have-nots." We call for sacrifice, and point the finger of opprobrium at those nations like the French whose pledged divisions never materialize. Yet our promised armaments have not always arrived on sechedule. We boast of know-how. Yet our planes are not up to those of the enemy in either quality or quantity. Europe can not be bought. It can not be threatened. It must be led through faith in the people, trust in "those fundamental truths we accept as our right," through example of self-sacrifice, and of promises kept. Unsatisfactory as they are from a military point of view, the tenets of our way of life make a short-cut to military rearmament such as that which has taken place in Central Europe a blunt impossibility. For us there can be no compulsive substitute for patience and understanding. This applies to the Near East as well as to Western Europe.

There are few who would not agree with General Eisenhower that "as far as the sheer value of territory is concerned, there is no more strategically important area in the world than the Middle East." A glance at the map will convince the most skeptical that in case of war the fighting in Europe will be a holding action and that the counterattack must be based in the Middle East. History too makes it clear that Russia can not be conquered from Europe. Hence the sympathy, if not the armed support of the oil rich Middle East, is of tremendous strategic importance. With the outstanding exception of Turkey our deposits

in the bank of Near Eastern goodwill are not large.

Readers of *The United States and Turkey and Iran* and *The Near East and the Great Powers* will not emerge with a clear view of the Near Eastern problem, much less a definition of it. Experts will find nothing new in either of the books, although the second has two essays of special interest, one, a challenging article, by Charles Malik on the "Near East between East and West," and another by Majid Khadduri on "The Scheme of Fertile Crescent Unity: A Study in Inter-Arab Relations," which is most enlightening. But any reader will come away with a renewed sense of the urgency of trying to understand the subject. Like the reader of Middleton's book, he will be embarrassed by the low regard in which the United States is held. Repeatedly the point is made, by Ralph Bunche, Charles Malik, Mortimer Graves, and H. A. R. Gibb in *The Near East and the Great Powers*, and by Messers Thomas and Frye in *The United States and Turkey and Iran* that the future position of the United States in the Middle East depends as much on providing spiritual as material products. The essence of our failure in Europe and the Near East lies in our neglect of these spiritual exports.

Both books are crusading. They crusade first for better understanding; second for respect for the sovereignty of others; and third, for faith in the people. They feel that it is incumbent on us to help them to relieve their awful poverty through the Point Four Program, to inspire their intellectuals through making the fruits of our own culture available to them. The sympathetic understanding necessary for improved relations can be achieved only through earnest self-education. In this respect the books themselves will answer many of the basic questions which need to be answered: the nature of the conflict between and within the nations of the Middle East, the state of their economies, their aspirations for the future, the status and appeal of communism. These books do not read like intelligence reports, which Middleton's does, but they make up in information much of what they lack in dramatic appeal.

All three books pose the old question of the components of power and stimulate a re-evaluation of it. We forget sometimes that in the past power has stemmed in large measure from conviction and this conviction in turn from a firm belief in a set of ideals—whether good or bad. Yet much is said today about realism as opposed to idealism. If, however, power stems from conviction, then is it not true that the ultimate realism in power politics is idealism? All three of these books suggest this. They suggest further that self-sacrifice is the measure of conviction. They remind one that the sacrifice the United States is making in defense of a free world is in essence worth while.

EDWARD L. KATZENBACH, JR.
Institute of War and Peace Studies
Columbia University

BOOK NOTES

One reads a variety of books, and tries to think of them from the point of view of the legendary "general reader." The question sometimes suggests itself: why, really, should anybody read them? Why should he read anything?—and particularly today, when insensate and mutually destructive forces seem in such close contact with one another that political manipulation rather than principle have been thought necessary by many people to keep them apart. Why read novels, except for amusement, why read biographies, histories, and special studies, especially about people who are dead? It sounds intelligent to talk about studying the present by the light of the past, and few people are willing to admit to being anti-intellectual; somehow it doesn't sound right when said aloud. But I doubt if anyone is really fooled. I suspect there is a genuine question among relatively thoughtful people, as to what all the reading and writing amounts to, aside from preserving a social façade and providing jobs for researchers, yarn-spinners, and those supported by their activities: secretaries, bookbinders, and bookkeepers.

There is a professor of economics in California who does not even read the daily newspapers. He contends that for general purposes he derives enough information about what is going on from what people are saying, and what the radio tells him. In addition, he reads the Sunday *New York Times* carefully, that is, the weekly summary of the news, and is therefore probably more adequately "up" on the flow of affairs than many people. Also, he is far from crass in his outlook. He is some permutation of world federalist, and interested in free speech, and the like. In a fairly recent article, he writes felicitously of narrow-minded and short-sighted people who wish to restrict other people's loyalties, and keep them insular-minded. He makes the former seem quite dangerous, not to say foolish. I suppose it would sound rude of me to say that I got less from his article than I did, for example, from the Ballantine Ale advertisement which featured Ernest Hemingway's dramatic account of how Bob Benchley, who is now dead and unable to add details to this stirring account, introduced him to that unique product, and how well it has stood by him through thick and thin, to coin a phrase. Again, I doubt that people are deluded; they know it's all a racket. I imagine almost anyone would be glad to join Hemingway in a bottle of Ballantine Ale, and laugh about things in general, while thumbing through the latest issue of *Fortune* Magazine or the *Partisan Review*.

Fortunately, we also operate on levels other than those of ale drinking. Unfortunately, we compartmentalize our interests, to the detriment of all of them. My friend's world federalism is the bunk. The Ballantine advertisement was interesting. Yet, obviously, it is the world planning which deserves first consider-

ation. Its difficulty is that it has been antiseptically separated from day-to-day things. To put it in reverse, our trouble with reading is that we try to attack it on a "high" level—and turn it into a bore. Let us clarify in our own minds what we would like to know more about, and the flow of writing, as well as our flow of reading, will improve.

* * *

Why read a book? The Spanish Civil War of 1936-1939 must seem like water over the dam, with available time better given to something more immediate, like the Korean or Formosan situation. But the kind of perception we need for estimating more contemporary situations has to be developed somehow, and can be built up while reviewing the former event, as well as the latter. After all, what happened in Spain is still controversial; and from George Orwell's *Homage to Catalonia* (Harcourt, Brace, 1952. $3.50), one can not only glean the account of a participant, but also derive traits of forthrightness and an effort to know the truth which are always useful. I use deliberately unglamorized terms to describe Orwell's method because they seem so appropriate to it, and because they are enough. This is the way things were, in Spain. And Orwell's judgment on more "artistic," more "memorable" accounts of his particular adventure—*Homage to Catalonia* was a failure in England, and is now published here for the first time—will be longer remembered:

> One of the dreariest effects of this war has been to teach me that the Left-Wing press is every bit as spurious and dishonest as that of the Right.[1]. . . As late as October 1937 the New Statesman was treating us to tales of Fascist barricades made of the bodies of living children (a most unhandy thing to make barricades with), and Mr. Arthur Bryant was declaring that the sawing-off of a Conservative tradesman's legs was "a commonplace" in Loyalist Spain. The people who write that kind of stuff never fight; possibly they believe that to write it is a substitute for fighting. . . . Perhaps when the next great war comes we may see that sight unprecedented in all history, a jingo with a bullet-hole in him.

I wonder, therefore, whether other readers of the introduction to Orwell's book, by Lionel Trilling, may not have felt dissatisfied with it, and perhaps even irritated. Trilling concedes Orwell's virtue and his interest in truth, but without vast enthusiasm. Presumably, facts about such qualitative affairs as the Spanish Revolution grow on trees. The main burden of his discourse is that Orwell was no genius, in the sense that Mark Twain and "perhaps" William James were, and in the sense that he thinks Thoreau, Whitman, and Henry James were. Trilling describes Orwell as an "average man" who, he explains, does not daunt us the way super-average characters do. I suggest that much

[1] I like the "inartistic" way in which Orwell breaks the rhythm of his narrative to footnote the *Manchester Guardian* as constituting an exception to the rule.

of this type of cerebration is, in great measure, irrelevant and wrong-headed. Trilling happens to have written an introduction to Henry James's novel, *The Princess Casamassima,* which attempts to deal with anarchist circles of England in the 1880's. The novel is praised for its intuitive understanding of matters about which James knew next to nothing. I would deny that, to quote Trilling, James "preside[d], as it were, over . . . ideas and attitudes" in this connection, and even "posthumously and rather uncertainly," whatever that means; and I would submit that Orwell did, so far as his subject-matter was concerned. If one must talk about genius, therefore, in this year of grace, I would recommend a study of how Orwell achieved his valuable perceptions. And it would seem to me not irrelevant to ask what Trilling himself was doing at the time Orwell did, and before Trilling had discovered the transcendent qualities of James.

* * *

I am unable to imagine how the most "normal" of persons could read John Custance's account, in *Wisdom, Madness and Folly: the Philosophy of a Lunatic* (Pellegrini & Cudahy, 1952. $3.75), of his bouts with manic-depression without feeling a sense of personal involvement. There are no doubt those who have a hearty sense of well-being, and believe they can afford to patronize the less secure. We have tags to throw about when we are on our high-horses. "He's nuts," we say; "he's batty; off his rocker, a screwball." But Mr. Custance (a pseudonym) is no common person. A product of half a dozen universities, he served in the Royal Navy during World War I and in Intelligence in World War II. He has been in international banking, journalism, social service, and educational work, and has written other books. We learn that his manic-depressive attacks began in 1936 and have continued, off and on, to 1950; the depressive stages of his illness being confined to "serious or 'abnormal'" fits in periods between 1935 and 1940. What makes his book unusual is not only his lucid and moving narrative of his feelings and illusions and his objective grasp of the forces to which he has been subject. The interesting fact is that he does not repudiate his visions and experience, and has synthesized them into a philosophy which one would be unthinking to pass by. Mr. Custance submits that the realms of thought and feeling he has visited off the "table-land" of accepted reality are real and valid; and his one concession to more ordinary reality is to put suggestions from them "in logical and comprehensible form." If this seems dangerous (and, of course, Mr. Custance has not always had a choice in the matter) it is certainly no less dangerous than the extreme opposite viewpoint of those whom Peter Viereck has put in the "Don't think" club—those who industriously affect a grimly optimistic attitude, and consider it bad taste to concern themselves with the ultimate purposes of men and things.

Psychoanalysis should be a matter of science, not opinion; but anyone

has a right to be concerned with its ends, and the question of what constitutes normality is not the sole possession of the scientist. Somewhere between those areas in which society needs to protect itself are controversial plains of opinion which are ignored only at the cost of becoming dull and unalive. Louis-Ferdinand Céline, in some ways a scoundrel, but in others a genius, once wrote that to give a poor man anything but money was to insult him. It is the same, if one gives a disturbed person anything but an opportunity to discover and clarify his own needs and personality. An individual terrified by the implications of the atomic bomb is not nuts. One whose life and perspectives are out of balance is not alone; it seems incredible, but one person in twenty apparently will spend some time in a mental institution, in the course of his life. One out of every ten will need psychiatric help.

* * *

I have found Robert G. L. Waite's *Vanguard of Nazism: the Free Corps Movement in Postwar Germany, 1918-1923* (Harvard, 1952. $6.) fascinating to read—and deeply depressing. Some of us have been aware that the Weimar Republic was savage in its war against "leftists," and that it tolerated and even used reactionary forces to support its feeble purposes. The actual record—for Professor Waite has been forced to work records unavailable to American readers—is shocking in its detail. The socialist government did little less than nourish, and to some extent create, the forces which rapidly developed into full-fledged fascism. To acknowledge this is in no sense to justify Stalin's contemptible denunciation of the socialists as "social fascists"; we have all paid, to one extent or another, for that quaint epithet. But the fall of Germany to Hitler in 1933 is, after the Bolshevik Revolution, the key fact in modern affairs; and, as we try to understand what Russia is, and how she has come to be what she is, so we need to study Germany and her possibilities. The Free Corps was a sensitive nerve of defeated Germany which, in the course of its career, illuminated almost every aspect of German life. It simply does not help to pass over its dreary and frightening career and try to start again from scratch. Assume that the Free Corps was composed of riff-raff: dispossessed, hopeless, and frustrated soldiers hungry for a Leader who would appeal to their blind instincts and promise them power and self-esteem. What is the character of active elements in Germany today?

It is no criticism of Professor Waite's book to say that it will probably find a small, if informed, circle of readers. The material he has organized is not made for chatty, informal writing. Questions of fact have to be discussed; drama has to be deferred while points are established; details, stirring in themselves, have to be relegated to footnotes. And yet, in some fashion, the reading and concerned public needs to assimilate the living content of such works as this. What we seem increasingly to require is a species of

commentator who can more adequately interpret the works of scholars to the general reader. Our present system, which leaves such books as the present one to be "treated" in professional magazines, only serves to point up the present chasm between our specialists and the public which needs to level up its awareness of vital information. Europe has long had its *feuilletonistes,* its journalistic essay-writers, who built a fund of knowledge from which they could draw for many purposes. The best of them have not run madly from book to book swearing that the latest one was a genuine experience, or working up artificial enthusiasms for subjects they have forgotten the day after their pieces were printed. They have known how to present an idea in the framework of their experience and impart a sense of recollection and responsibility to their readers. Lists of books for summer reading and Christmas gifts, hasty reviews based on information contained on book-jackets, book-club publications and accompanying pap, and even the more sophisticated comment of the more important newspapers and magazines bring us little closer to reality.

* * *

Our dilemma in acquiring the information we need is pointed up by Louis Adamic's last book, *The Eagle and the Roots* (Doubleday, 1952. $5) —heavy with personal experience, impressions and documents, and told with almost fictional swiftness and emphasis upon "human interest." The book has been praised as a valuable addition to our knowledge of Yugoslavia and its possibilities; but what is its precise value? Any judgment of its author must take into account such an article as Bogdan Raditsa's "My Memories of Louis Adamic" (*American Mercury,* December, 1951), which points up his selection of data, his disturbed temperament, and less than impartial aims. Adamic himself admitted (what his style of writing makes self-evident) that he had taken "the liberties of a novelist, almost"; he believed that "novelists often approach truth more closely than historians." But in such matters as the right and wrong of Titoism, how are we to trust the intuition of one who had previously willed to believe that the Soviets were, in their own fashion, approaching socialism, and, at the time of his death, was working to convince us that Tito was building a free country?

Much of Adamic's narrative takes us into private homes, introduces us to Yugoslavia's leaders, conducts us through its mountainous regions, from Macedonia to Slovenia, and, of course, paints a giant-sized portrait of Tito. Interwoven is Yugoslavia's history, undocumented in any real sense, in terms of its internecine struggles before, during, and since the Partisan war. If all this material has any use, to a reader unwilling to accept Adamic's judgments merely because he has been willing to formulate them, it is because it offers a complex and varied view of what Yugoslavs officially believe. Adamic thought of himself as an independent writer; but one need

only compare his version of affairs with that of Adam B. Ulam, in *Titoism and the Cominform* (Harvard, 1952. $4), to note the difference between a writer who had to believe himself at the "vital center," and paid the price of being unable to write what he actually knew, and one who unpretentiously examines documents to determine their substance. Mr. Ulam does not, as Adamic does, describe the heroic lives and deaths of dozens of Yugoslav partisans who endured tortures under the royalist government, defied Nazi executioners to do their worst, and who are today, apparently, engaged ardently in furthering Tito's program. But he gives judicious attention to the program and its antecedents proper. He weighs Yugoslav communism from its inception and in its relations with Russian communism; he compares its course with that of communism in Poland, Hungary, and Bulgaria; and he finds Tito's strength not in the picturesque yarns of his associates, but in his previously unquestioning obedience to Stalinism, as well as in the conditions which enabled Yugoslavia to resist Hitler in ways its Polish and other satellite counterparts could not. The whole makes a less dramatic story than Adamic's; indeed, it makes a difficult story to read. If the two narratives meet at any point, it is where Mr. Ulam observes that the Yugoslav Communists "behave today as if they were slowly waking from a hypnotic trance and had to act for the first time fully on their own."

This is the nub of the problem, though it needs to be recognized that the tortuous history of communism in Yugoslavia before Tito attained power can be less lightly taken into account than some people would hope, who merely yearn for an extension of Titoism. Certainly, Adamic's easy acceptance of all official Yugoslav views of its enemies is of no help. Yugoslavia may in fact be learning to permit an increasing freedom of opinion and action. So, in their ways, may other tightly governed nations. But we need to reserve opinion, and, meanwhile, withhold our endorsement from dubious accounts which appeal falsely to our emotions and will to believe.

* * *

Richard B. Morris is a first-string American historian who has made top contributions to the literature in his field; his works are unlikely to join the best-sellers, but they are here to stay. At the same time, he is co-editor of *A Treasury of Great Reporting,* and he knows a good story when he sees one. In *Fair Trial* (Knopf, 1952. $5), he collects a volume of historical cases which contain drama and significant issues to any amount desired. The cases of Captain Kidd, John Peter Zenger, Aaron Burr, John Brown, the Haymarket anarchists, among others, presented with rich excerpts from official records, cut across American history. Nor does Professor Morris disregard the absorbing possibilities of several of our most famous murder cases. However, he has (as his title indicates) a second aim: to sharpen our sense of legality and

justice. Inevitably, the reader will pay particular attention to the Hiss-Chambers trials, and he will miss a great deal if he fails to appreciate the author's effort to present the evidence on its own merits. One of the depressing features of this case was to note how numerous spectators felt compelled to be "for" or "against" the major participants without due regard for the facts. It is unlikely that such attitudes helped any of us in the long run. Liberals who have felt that they owed their support to presumed liberals simply because they were being attacked by presumed reactionaries fouled their own nest, and compromised themselves publicly. There can be only one issue: justice or injustice; and Professor Morris, weighing the evidence dispassionately, shows them one way out of their self-created dilemma. He finds the evidence in the Hiss case inconclusive both ways. If Hiss never quite explained the contradictions in his testimony, Chambers's included contradictions also. If Judge Kaufman seems to have taken actions which favored Hiss, Judge Goddard may have taken others which favored Chambers. Men have been sentenced to prison and the electric chair on apparently air-tight circumstantial evidence which turned out to be erroneous and worse, and Hiss and anybody deserve whatever benefit of doubt the evidence permits.

But there are social and human factors which need also to be taken into account. Here it must be observed (I don't recall that it ever has been), that there must be dozens of persons walking about—friends and associates of Hiss—who could help us to learn the truth. It is an extraordinary fact that we know nothing about him, aside from the meagre bits which were brought out in open court. It is a judgment on the social effectiveness of Hiss's associates that they know no way of contributing to our understanding. Certainly, they can ill complain because relatively disinterested jurors, struggling between two opposing sets of evidence and assumptions, chose to make decisions which may not have pleased them; or, perhaps more seriously, that the general public has been inclined to receive without enthusiasm liberal appeals, sometimes specious, to their constitutional guarantees. Great issues are at stake. The question of national security has meaning. So has the question of loyalty.

* * *

How much meaning it has can be better judged after reading Alan Morehead's *The Traitors* (Scribner's, 1952. $3.50), which tells the stories of Allan Nunn May, Klaus Fuchs, and Bruno Pontecorvo—men who, for their own reasons, chose to make free-will offerings of information to Soviet agents, which gave their country the atomic bomb, prematurely, if nothing else. Needless to say, much of what is set down here could as easily apply to the American traitors who are only mentioned in passing. The narrative has a somber fatalism about it which is all but baffling. None of the traitors acted for personal gain. All of them were,

in some senses, superior people with a consciousness of power and responsibility. Yet they did things less sophisticated, less intelligent people would have found it impossible to do: they betrayed their closest associates, making their decisions without human advice, and with a strange blindness to the interests of those who gave them friendship and opportunity. Is it unfair to say that what peculiar circumstances enabled them to do, others of their stripe would have done also, if chance had permitted? Liberals who deplore both hysteria and demagogues who encourage it need to take thought as to how it can best be dissipated. Mr. Morehead points out that scientists have not produced the only traitors: they made the biggest headlines merely because they had sensational information to divulge. Fuchs was not alone in his colossal egotism: he seems actually to have thought that once he consented to reveal his infamous conduct, he could return to normal ways. He appears to have expected to go on with his atomic research project at Harwell! But the English were interested in character, as well as in brains and special training. Mr. Morehead discusses the problem of loyalty temperately, and if his summary views are inconclusive, it is because there is no simple answer to the problem:

> [Loyalty] can be guaranteed only by tradition, by fixed habits, and by a long period of freedom from fear, and by affection. And all this must be backed by a philosophy, or a religion, or at any rate some kind of faith which is rather stronger than the democracies have yet been able to engender. A fear of Russia in itself hardly amounts to a faith. There has to be something on the positive side, an ideal of some kind. The crime of the Fuchses and the Nunn Mays was that they concentrated upon what they believed to be an ideal, and lost their affection for the ordinary, fallible human beings around them. They lost their humility; and when that was gone, they lost their judgment too. . . .

* * *

I agree with Mr. Orville Prescott that the novel is a serious art form, and even claim that what it does can be as important as a political treatise or a scientific investigation. For that reason I find his *In My Opinion* (Bobbs-Merrill, 1952. $3), an "inquiry into the contemporary novel," disturbing. Mr. Prescott seems an unassuming person, and a conscientious workman. If he were writing brief notices in the back pages of the Sunday book section of the *New York Times,* there would be no reason to quarrel with him. It is somewhat different for him to be conducting the daily book column in that paper. Its major trouble—as with his book—is not that one may agree or disagree with this or that in his personal opinions, or that he is neither brilliant nor penetrating. We have a variety of critics in the little magazines and elsewhere who air their philosophies and enthusiasms in fluid and not always illuminating phrases. Mr. Prescott's basic defect, which is glaring in his book, where he has had ample time and space for second guesses and thoughtful

reconsiderations, is that he shows no awareness of the controversial nature of the books and authors he is discussing. Willa Cather's *Death Comes to the Archbishop* may or may not be "immortal," as he says; really, he knows no more about this than does the next man. Nor does it help for him to say that this is his personal opinion—who cares? What is important is that he offers no evidence for his opinions, and that he has no sense worth noting of the public currents of feeling and interest behind writers and their critics. There was a time when Mr. John Chamberlain, long before he rediscovered William Graham Sumner as an apostle for modern living, operated the same "Book of the Day" column, and gave it a tone of urgency and significance. Mr. Prescott's pallid personal opinions, unfortunately, only do more literately what hundreds of similar columns throughout the country do for their absent-minded readers: inform them that certain books have been recently released by their hopeful publishers, and that they might wish to buy some of them if they care for that sort of thing. We need much better than that sort of column.

As an example, and more, Mr. Prescott, in his column for last April 16, wrote that Ralph Ellison's *Invisible Man* (Random House, 1952. $3.50) was "the most impressive work of fiction by an American Negro which I have ever read," but implemented this statement in terms which made me wish he would get off our side. Mr. Ellison, it seems, is "a finished artist . . . with poetic intensity and immense narrative drive." To be sure, he has "many flaws": he is sensational and feverishly emotional, and his book "will shock and sicken many readers." But what is the evidence that they ought not to be shocked and sickened? Where, precisely, has this "richly talented writer" been guilty of exaggeration? Mr. Prescott never illustrates his points. In any event, he is not alone in having failed to make anything substantial of *Invisible Man*; most reviewers have agreed that Mr. Ellison is a good storyteller, but that the symbolism on which he has insisted is less "successful." None of them tells us why.

I would argue first and foremost that this is not a novel about an American Negro; and how Mr. Ellison has transcended the overpowering pressures of race-segregation and forced awareness of his difference from some other Americans to make his story that of any man who lives in our times and struggles for life and conviction is one of the miracles of *Invisible Man*. For Mr. Ellison's protagonist is not only invisible, that is, incomprehensible, to the white people with whom he collides; he is also invisible to other Negroes, struggling in their separate ways with illusions, greeds, troubles, and everything else that fouls our relations. Who is to say that his tremendously vivid portrait of an influential Southern Negro educator as a power-hungary hypocrite is overdrawn, or that his experiences with the white Brotherhood or the black Ras the Exhorter are not typical of what Harlem offers? These are stiff

phrases for a vibrant novel about a multitude of diverse human beings, and simply because one must enter into their lives and activities, as Mr. Ellison has done, to sense them fully. At this point, his symbolism becomes as essential to their understanding as dreams to the psychoanalyst, and as valuable as at least 80 per cent of the commentary T. S. Eliot has enjoyed.

I recommend an article by Mr. Ellison which appeared in the June 1945 issue of the *Antioch Review*, "Richard Wright's Blues," which gives much of the background of his thoughts and feelings about the problem of being a Negro. A passage will show its relevance to *Invisible Man*:

> The member who breaks away [from the Negro community] is apt to be more impressed by its negative than by its positive character. He becomes a stranger even to his relatives and he interprets gestures of protection as blows of oppression —from which there is no hiding place, because every area of Negro life is affected. Even parental love is given a qualitative balance akin to "sadism." And the extent of beatings and psychological maimings meted out by Southern Negro parents rivals those described by the nineteenth-century Russian writers as characteristic of peasant life under the Czars. The horrible thing is that the cruelty is also an expression of concern, of love.

* * *

It is an impressive fact that Walter Baxter's *Look Down in Mercy* (G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1952. $3.50)—so very different from *Invisible Man*, so primarily individual, somehow, rather than social—does not suffer by comparison with it. Some good things have been said of Mr. Baxter's book, and some very stupid things, as well. Its power is of a strange and compelling type, and, read attentively, it can bring one as close to questions of life and death as one may care to come. Indirectly, it indicates that detail piled upon detail, horror on horror, in the manner of Norman Mailer and James Jones, may not be the only way of trying to confront death and futility. Mr. Baxter writes of a British officer in Burma who finds himself involved in guilty, homosexual feelings. He writes almost impersonally, if exactly, of the burning alive of British soldiers by a Japanese advance guard, and, elsewhere, of the torture by a Japanese unit of captured British troops. During this latter event, Kent, our British officer, breaks under the strain and babbles information to a Japanese Intelligence officer. Fortunately, in a sense, a bomb kills all the living English witnesses of his shame except his homosexual partner, his modest and undemanding orderly, Anson, who saves him, and saves him again during a long and murderous march. Later Kent feels compelled to kill a trooper who has guessed their relationship and attempted blackmail. There is not much more that Kent could do that would make him feel more unmanned and unfit to live. A suicide attempt on his part fails, and leaves him, "in spite of the wretchedness of his physical condition . . . filled with happiness." He happens to be under the impression

that there was something miraculous about the failure of his suicide attempt. Mr. Baxter leaves us no illusion on that score: it was, actually, a quite natural accident. And what then? Where can one look for mercy? Wise readers will keep the novel and look at it again from time to time. As for Kent:

> He knew that he had solved nothing and he persuaded himself that there was nothing to solve, all he had to do now was to go on living and be with Anson. He resolved firmly to try and be brave and to try and be good; to do more than that, he told himself was not in his power.

* * *

I don't suppose that Alistair Cooke's *One Man's America* (Knopf, 1952. $3.50) is an "important" book—only one man's view of what this country means to him, and that one born an Englishman, now a naturalized American, who writes of his country with affection. Strange that some of the most eloquent "defenses" of our country have been written by people who once saw it as too many strangers have presumed to see it, and who have learned to love it as so many of us who take it for granted never really do. The point is not that Mr. Cooke is uncritical, for he *is* critical, though not in the ponderous way of our professional critics. The point is that he has an affection for our people and places, and can present them in their human dimensions. Joe Louis and Will Rogers, people seen in trains and on the street, American vistas—in New England, Florida, and our Southwest—seen through the changing seasons: of such are the elements which go into making Mr. Cooke's America. He handles judiciously the good will and urbanity which give him critical insight into our ways. I would be sorry to think that one must be or become an American in order to have both. I have read with delight his thorough deflation of J. B. Priestley's regrettably typical comments on New York. Mr. Priestley believes it is dedicated only to "buying and selling dividends." It is overcrowded. It is "Babylon piled on Imperial Rome." Mr. Cooke, as a loyal New Yorker, draws from fifteen years of residence to counter the visitor's stereotyped impressions with homely illustrations and cold fact warmly presented:

> Restless we *are*, and very small, threading through our canyons. But are we, as Mr. Priestley assures us we are, "full of unease, disquiet, bewilderment"? Last summer Dr. Gallup found that over ninety per cent of us thought we were happy. Suppose we allow ten per cent for pride or bravado and another ten per cent for Mr. Priestley's transatlantic insight. That still leaves seventy per cent who believe, maybe wrongly, that they are happy. Better let 'em wallow in their ignorance, Mr. Priestley, these placid dopes who don't even know when they're "deeply bewildered and frustrated." Whaddya say, Mac?

The story is no doubt wider and deeper than this; but certainly Mr. Cooke is closer to it than the visitor can ever be. Mr. Cooke seems to me little less than a national asset. We can use more like him.

LOUIS FILLER

A full fledged development of
The Hermit Scientists

In The Name of SCIENCE

By MARTIN GARDNER. Expanding the ideas first set forth in his stimulating *Antioch Review* article, Martin Gardner now presents an entertaining, over-all survey of the high priests and cultists of science, past and present, and the false beliefs they have perpetrated. These are the men, brilliant heretics all, who develop accepted facts of science along strange and misleading lines, launching fads and building cults among misguided followers. From the food and medical faddists through Velikovsky's theory of stationary planets and Hubbard's dianetics, here is a brilliant exposé of the ways in which false ideas gain power in the name of science.

At all bookstores $4.00

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

210 Madison Avenue, New York 16

A practical manual for teachers and leaders

Creative Dramatics for Children

by **Frances Caldwell Durland**

The creative approach to teaching is designed to bring the pupil, through experience and expression, to the threshold of his own mind. Dramatics offers unique opportunities for this sort of creative living in a group situation and is coming to play a major role in the curriculum of modern education.

Based on her own extensive work with children, Mrs. Durland's book is more than a handbook of techniques; it is an inspiring guide to the values of creative dramatics.

"A serious, informed, and enlightened exposition of one of the most stimulating factors in child development." —BROOKS ATKINSON

181 pages; appendix, bibliography

paper covered: $1.50
cloth edition: $2.75

THE ANTIOCH PRESS

Associated with Antioch College — Yellow Springs, Ohio

Modern American Literature-- and the men who created it

ERNEST HEMINGWAY:

THE MAN AND HIS WORK

edited by John K. M. McCaffrey. *"A harvest of luxuriant sketches and clashing opinions . . . Admirable and immensely timely . . . Hemingway is always news. The clamorous medley of this wonderfully revealing book goes a long way toward explaining why"*
—CHARLES POORE, *N. Y. Times.* $3.50

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD:

THE MAN AND HIS WORK

edited by Alfred Kazin. *"These pieces make fascinating reading . . . Some of the best critical minds of the United States and England are here represented . . . An instructive and intensely interesting book, one to be placed on your permanent shelf."*
—CHARLES JACKSON, *N. Y. Times Book Review.* $3.00

THE KENYON CRITICS

edited by John Crowe Ransom. *"Proves that for the first time in the writing of literature in English the criticism of an age has assumed almost as great an importance as the creative effort . . . There is not one useless essay here . . . No one with a serious concern for modern literature could fail to benefit from reading this book."*
—PAUL ENGLE, *Chicago Tribune.* $4.00

MY LIFE WITH DREISER

by Helen Dreiser. *"Written with admirable balance, serenity, and a kind of submerged humor . . . by a woman who knew Dreiser, who came to understand and accept his temperament . . . Gives a more essential feeling about him than the best scholarly study."*
—MAXWELL GEISMAR, *Saturday Review.* $3.75

The great novels of THEODORE DREISER:

AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY (illustrated) $3.00	THE FINANCIER $2.50
JENNIE GERHARDT $2.50	THE "GENIUS" $2.50
SISTER CARRIE $2.50	THE STOIC $2.50

At your bookseller's

THE WORLD PUBLISHING COMPANY
Cleveland and New York